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MAJOR SCHILL.

**I**N the year 1813, I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany. From the Elbe to the Isle of Rugen my route lay through the country which had been the principal scene of the celebrated Schill's operations. The peasantry were full of the recollection, and when they were not afraid of finding a spy, or smarting under a recent visit from the French, they were boundless in their histories of the miraculous achievements of "the Brandenburg Hussar." Those narratives had gradually grown romantic, little as romance was to be expected from a boor on the edge of the Baltic. But the valour and eccentricity of Schill's attempt, his bold progress, and his death in the midst of fire and steel, would have made a subject for the exaggerations and melancholy of romance in any age.

A thousand years ago a German bard would have seen his spirit drinking in the halls of Odin, out of a Gaelish skull, and listening to the harps of the blue-eyed maids of Valhalla, bending around him with their sweet voices, and their golden hair. Arminius might have been no more than such a daring vindicator of his country; and, but for his narrower means, and more sudden extinction, Schill might have earned from some future Tacitus the same fine and touching panegyric.\* Schill was 36, but a year

younger than Arminius at his death. The rude prints and plaster images at the German fairs, gave him a vigorous figure, and a bold physiognomy. He was active in his exercises, superior to fatigue, and of acknowledged intrepidity; fond of adventure in the spirit of his corps, and his natural enthusiasm deepened and magnified by some intercourse with the Secret Societies of Germany, which, with much mysticism, and solemn affectation of knowledge, inculcated resistance to the tyrant of Europe, as among the first of duties.

He was said to be more distinguishable for bravery than for military knowledge or talent. But the man who could elude or overpower all opposition in the heart of an enemy's conquest for months together, must have had talent as well as heroism. Schill's first operation was to pass over the Elbe, and try the state of the public mind in the country round Magdeburgh.

It is still difficult to ascertain, whether his enterprize had a higher authority. The situation of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, was one of the most deplorable suffering. The loss of independence, the loss of territory, the plunder of the public property, and the ruin of the Prussian name in Europe were felt like mortal wounds. But the personal insolence of the French, who have always lost by their insolence what

\* *Liberator haud dubie Germaniae, et qui non primordia populi Romani, sicut alii reges ducesque, sed florentissimum imperium lacerasset; praeliis ambiguus, bello non victus, septem et triginta annos vite explevit. Canitur adhuc barbaras apud gentes, Graecorum annalibus ignotas, qui sua tantum mirantur, Romanis haud perinde celebris, dum vetera extollimus, recentium incurioso.*



they had gained by their rapine, struck deeper into the national mind. The innumerable private injuries to honour and feeling, the gross language, and the malignant tyranny of the French military, inflamed the people's blood into a fever of impatience and revenge. I have often expressed my surprise, on hearing that no German had taken up the pen to transmit them as a record and a warning to posterity. One evening, standing on the banks of the Elbe, and overlooking the fine quiet landscape of the islands towards Haaburg, I remember to have made the observation, after hearing a long detail of the sufferings of the peasantry, whose white cottages studded the scene at my feet. "My dear sir," said an old German officer, "my countrymen are like that river; their whole course has been thro' sandbanks and shallows, but they make their way to the end at last." Then, indulging his metaphor, and waving his hand as if to follow the windings of the stream, "I am not sure but this very habit of reluctance to unnecessary exertion, may have allowed them to collect comforts by the way, which neither Englishman nor Frenchman would have been calm enough to gather. If that river had been a torrent, should we now be looking on those islands?" There may be some experience in the old soldier's answer, but if Germany is slow to give a history of her misfortunes, she ought not to leave her heroes in oblivion. Schill deserves a better memoir than a stranger can give.

In this fermentation of the public mind, the North of Germany was suddenly denuded of troops to form a part of the grand imperial army, marching against Austria. Slight garrisons were placed in the principal towns, and the general possession of the open country was chiefly left to the gendarmerie. Schill, then major of one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, the Brandenburg hussars, one morning suddenly turned his horse's head towards the gate of Berlin, on the dismissal of the parade, gave a shout for "King and Country," and at the head of this regiment burst from the Glacis.

Though the whole garrison of Berlin, French and Prussian, were on the parade, there was no attempt to intercept this bold manœuvre. They were thunderstruck, and by the time that orders were determined on, Schill was leagues off, galloping free over the sands of Prussia. The officers of his corps were among the best families of Brandenburg, and some fine young men of rank joined him immediately. It is uncertain to this hour, whether he was not secretly urged by his court to make the experiment on the probabilities of insurrection. But Napoleon was too near to allow of open encouragement, and at the demand of De Marsan the French ambassador, who was, as Trinculo says "Viceroy over the King," Schill was proclaimed as an enemy to the state.

His first attempt was the surprize of Magdeburgh, the principal fortress of the new kingdom of Westphalia, and famous to English ears for the imprisonment of Trenck. He advanced to the gates, and after sustaining a vigorous skirmish with the garrison, in which the French were on the point of being cut off from the town, was forced to abandon an enterprize, which was probably undertaken merely as a more open mode of declaring, that "war in procinct" was levied against the oppressors of the population. He then plunged into Westphalia. His plans in this country have been often canvassed; for the Germans are, in a vast proportion to the English, military disputants; and the names of their highest soldiers, from Frederic down to Blucher and Bulow, are discussed without mercy and without end. Schill shares the common fate, and all the armies of Germany would not have been enough to fill up the outline of the campaign, which I have heard sketched for him round the fire of a table d'hôte in the north. According to these tacticians he should have marched direct upon Cassel, and made himself master of Jerome Buonaparte. He should have charged up to the gates of Berlin, and delivered the country. He should have attacked the rear of the grand army, and given time



for the arrival of the Arch-duke. He should have made an irruption into the French territory in its unguarded state, and compelled Napoleon to consult the safety of Paris. To all this the natural answer was, that Schill had but from four to six hundred hussars, and a few infantry, deserters from the line. With those he remained for nearly three months master of the communications of Westphalia, continually intercepting officers, functionaries, and couriers, and either eluding or beating every detachment sent to break up his flying camp. In one of his expeditions he took Marshal Victor with his suite and despatches, on his way to join the army before Vienna. But it affords an extraordinary evidence of the apathy, or the terror of Germany, that, during this period of excitement, his recruits never amounted to two hundred men. It, however, grew obviously perilous to leave this daring partizan free to raise the spirit of the country, and a considerable force was despatched against him. A corps from Cassel moved in direct pursuit, while another composed of Dutch and Danes, turned towards his rear. It was now time to fly. The experiment of Westphalia was completed; and an escape into Sweden was the only course of safety. Schill had been blamed for lingering on this retreat. But a gentler estimate, and probably a truer one, would have attributed his tardiness to the natural reluctance of a brave man to leave the ground while there is a chance of disputing it. Every hour was full of change; a battle on the Danube might alter the whole fortunes of Germany within an hour, and Prussia would have been the first to raise the standard. But Schill suffered no advantage to be taken of his delay. His marches were regular, he fixed his head-quarters for ten or twelve days at Domitz, a small town on the Mecklinburgh side, which he fortified so far as to be secure from a surprize. He abandoned it only on the approach of the enemy, to whom he left nothing but his sick,—advanced to Stralsund, the strongest fortress in Pomerania, dismantled by the French, but still in their possession, and capable

of defence against an ordinary hazard; stormed the gates; drove the French before the cavalry into the great square; and was in possession of the town after a brisk engagement of less than an hour. On the road to Stralsund I was shown the remains of a field fortification where a French detachment had attempted to stop the hussars. It was a rude work, a parapet of earth and a trench filled with water. The gates and guns had probably fallen into the hands of the peasantry. Schill, on proposing a capitulation to those men, had been fired on. He immediately charged at the head of his regiment, leaped the trench, and got into the fortification on horseback. All the French were killed or taken.

Pomerania (in German, Pommern) is one vast flat, which probably was once at the bottom of the Baltic. It is fertile, and was, when I passed through it, covered with a carpet of springing corn. But on my approach to the sea the prospect on the side of the Island of Rugen became diversified. The sea between the island and the main land looked like a broad river, tranquil and glassy, with a low rich border of vegetation, leading the eye across to the woods and picturesque rocks that crown the shore of Rugen. The country was thinly peopled, but those were times of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The Swedish army, under the Crown Prince, going to fight his countrymen, were now moving down from Sweden.

Schill had found the principal works destroyed, but yet not to be gained without fighting, and it was not till after a sharp contest that he forced his way over the ramparts.

On his march he had baffled the Dutch general, Gratien, whose express commission was to extirpate him in the field. Schill out-manceuvred the general, and was master of Stralsund a week before he saw the face of a pursuer. There can be no doubt that he might, in that interval, have made good his retreat into Sweden. But the reluctance to leave Germany was strong upon him at all times. In addition to this he was master of a city; the sea was at his



back ; the state of Germany was hourly fluctuating ; and his position still served as a rallying point, if the old genius of Prussia was at length to shake the ashes from her head. Such might have been among the motives for this apparent imprudence in a man who had hitherto taken his measures with equal conduct and intrepidity. In this period of inaction he appears to have lost his habitual temper, and, like Richard before Bosworth, to have given an ill omen by his melancholy. He was said to have indulged in drinking, and to exhibit altogether the aspect of a man expecting ruin. But in his dejection he omitted none of the usual arrangements for defence. He set the peasants at work upon the approaches to the town, collected ammunition, planted a battery to command the principal entrance, I believe, borrowing the guns from the merchant ships, and seems to have neglected nothing but the means of retreat.

Stralsund is a city of much interest for its share in the "thirty years war ;" and Wallenstein, the wonder of arms in his day, brought some disgrace on the standard of his imperial master, by his repulse before the walls. Its position renders it the key of Pomerania, on the side of Sweden, and the Crown Prince was busy when I was there in repairing its fortifications to cover his retreat, if the campaign should turn in favour of Napoleon. It has a tolerable commerce, and some of its buildings exhibit the old ponderous magnificence of the time when German traders made head against princes. The principal streets are wide, and the square in the centre, which serves, as in all the German towns, for all imaginable public purposes,—a mart, a parade, and a place of justice,—has the picturesque look of English architecture in the days of Elizabeth. It was in this spot that Schill drew up his reserve on the morning of the attack. Among the accounts of the fight, to be received from persons who, during the day, were hiding in their cellars from the shots that still had left many a fracture on the front of the buildings, exactness is not to be expected. But the battle seems to have begun about mid-

day, and to have continued with desperate determination till three or four in the afternoon. The Dutch division advanced to the great gate, and were repeatedly driven back. Gratien, however, was responsible to a master who never forgave, and the assault was continued under the fire of Schill's only battery. The Danes were embarked in some gun-boats, and landed on the unprotected side of the town. It was said that their red uniforms deceived the Prussians, and that they were looked on as British troops coming to their assistance. This attack took Schill in flank, and his purpose, from this time, was obviously to sell his life as dearly as he could. His corps were gradually forced from the square, down a narrow street leading to the sea-gate, which I often trod with the sentiments not unnatural to the spot where a hero and a patriot fell. The struggle here was long and bloody, from the narrow front which the enemy were compelled to observe. The Prussians were finally pushed through the gate, and the engagement ceased without their surrender. Gratien's loss was supposed to exceed two thousand in killed and wounded. A striking instance of the gallantry of his opponents, whose force did not equal half the number. Of Schill nothing had been known for some time before the close of the battle. He had exposed himself with conspicuous bravery during the day, and had been twice wounded. About an hour after the square was taken, he was seen standing on the steps of a house in the narrow street, with the blood streaming down his face, and cheering the troops with his sabre waving. In the confusion of the next charge he disappeared. In the evening he was found under a heap of dead near the steps, with two musket wounds on his body and a sabre cut on his forehead. The remnant of his band of heroes, chiefly cavalry, had retreated to a neighbouring field, and were there found exhausted and unable to move farther. An adjutant of Gen. Gratien, sent out to propose their surrender, was answered that they had determined not to receive quarter. Some messages followed between them and



the general, but they refused to give up their swords while Schill lived. On their taking back this melancholy intelligence, the cavalry, then reduced to a small number, surrendered at discretion.

The further history of these brave men is almost still more melancholy. A generous enemy, or even any man with a human heart would have honoured their devoted gallantry—But Napoleon ordered them for execution. They were taken to Wesel and the only favour which they could obtain, was that of dying by each other's hands. Some had made their escape on the way through Germany, but twenty-two, by one account, and twelve or fourteen by another, remained to glut the tyrant's appetite for murder. They were taken to a field on the glacis of Wesel,

and there, standing in a line behind each other, each shot the comrade before him, the last shooting himself. Two sons of General Wedel, the Prussian, were among the victims. This was said to be the sole act of Napoleon; those young soldiers were subjects of Prussia, and amenable only to their own sovereign. It is next to impossible to avoid a feeling of indignation and abhorrence at the nature which could have thus rioted in gallant blood; and hoping that, sunk and punished as their enemy is at this hour, he may be destined to exhibit a still deeper example of justice to the world.

The following is the translation of a popular song, which I met in the original in Mecklenburg:—

#### SCHILL.

*Es zog aus Berlin ein muthiger Held.*

Who burst from Berlin with his lance in his hand?  
Who ride at his heel, like the rush of the wave?  
They are warriors of Prussia, the flower of the land,  
And 'tis Schill leads them on to renown, and the grave.

Six hundred they came, in pomp and in pride,  
Their chargers are fleet, and their bosoms are bold,  
And deep shall their lances in vengeance be dyed,  
Ere those chargers shall halt, or those bosoms be cold.

Then, through wood and through mountain, their trumpet rang clear,  
And Prussia's old banner was waved to the sun,  
And the yager in green, and the blue musketeer,  
By thousands they rose, at the bidding of one.

What summon'd this spirit of grandeur from gloom?  
Was he call'd from the camp, was he sent from the throne?  
'Twas the voice of his country—it came from his tomb,  
And it rises to bless his name, now that he's gone.

Remember him, Dodendorf: yet on thy plain  
Are the bones of the Frenchmen, that fell by his blade;—  
At sunset they saw the first flash of his vane,  
By twilight, three thousand were still as its shade.

Then, Domitz, thy ramparts in crimson were dyed,  
No longer a hold for the tyrant and slave.  
Then to Pommern he rush'd, like a bark on the tide,  
The tide has swept on to renown and the grave.

Fly slaves of Napoleon, for vengeance is come;  
Now plunge in the earth, now escape on the wind;  
With the heart of the vulture, now borrow its plume,  
For Schill and his riders are thundering behind.

All gallant and gay they came in at the gate,  
That gate that old Wallenstein proudly withstood,  
Once frowning and crown'd, like a King in his state,  
Though now its dark fragments but shadow the flood.

Then up flash'd the sabre, the lance was couch'd low,  
And the trench and the street were a field and a grave;  
For the sorrows of Prussia gave weight to the blow,  
And the sabre was weak in the hand of the slave.



Oh Schill ! O Schill ! thou warrior of fame !  
In the field, in the field, spur thy charger again ;  
Why bury in ramparts and fosses the flame  
That should burn upon mountain, and sweep over plain !

Stralsund was his tomb ; thou city of woe !  
His banner no more on thy ramparts shall wave ;  
The bullet was sent, and the warrior lies low,  
And cowards may trample the dust of the brave.

Then burst into triumph the Frenchman's base soul,  
As they came round his body with scoff and with cry,  
" Let his limbs toss to heaven on the gibbet and pole,  
In the throat of the raven and dog let him lie."

Thus they hurried him on, without trumpet or toll,  
No anthem, no prayer echoed sad on the wind,  
No peal of the cannon, no drum's muffled roll,  
Told the love and the sorrow that linger'd behind.

They cut off his head—but your power is undone ;  
In glory he sleeps, till the trump on his ear  
In thunder shall summon him up to throne :  
And the tyrant and victim alike shall be there.

When the charge is begun, and the Prussian hussar  
Comes down like a tempest with steed and with steel,  
In the clash of the swords, he shall give thee a prayer,  
And his watchword of vengeance be " Schill, brave Schill !"

(New Monthly Magazine.)

## SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

### No. II.

#### AUTOMATA.

WE now pursue the account of the automaton chess-player, referred to in our last.

It is a remarkable, and somewhat suspicious circumstance, that neither the present proprietor of this automaton (in a pamphlet circulated by him

on this subject), nor the \*Oxford graduate, takes any notice of the attempted solution of them by Mr. Collinson, a correspondent of Dr. Hutton's, to whom we have before alluded. In the same letter † in which this gentleman describes the automaton inventions of the Droz family, he speaks of a pam-

\* [See Atheneum, vol. 5, p. 324]

† We subjoin that part of the letter which relates to this subject—"Turning over the leaves of your late valuable publication, Part I. of the Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary, I observed under the article "*Automaton*," the following... 'But all these seem inferior to M. Kempelin's chess-player, which may truly be considered as the greatest master-piece in mechanics that ever appeared in the world.' So it certainly would have been had its movements depended merely on mechanism. Being slightly acquainted with M. Kempelin, when he exhibited his chess-playing figure in London, I called on him about five years since, at his house in Vienna ; another gentleman and myself being then on a tour on the Continent. The baron (for I think he is such) shewed me some working models, which he had lately made. Among them, an improvement on Arkwright's cotton-mill, and also one which he thought an improvement on Bolton and Watt's last steam-engine. I asked him after a piece of speaking mechanism, which he had shewn me when in London. It spoke as before, and I gave the same word as when I before saw it, *exploitation*, which it distinctly pronounced with the French accent. But I particularly noticed, that not a word was passed about the chess-player, and, of course, I did not ask to see it. In the progress of the tour I came to Dresden, where, becoming acquainted with Mr. Eden, our envoy there, by means of a letter given me by his brother, Lord Auckland, who was ambassador when I was at Madrid, he accordingly accompanied me in seeing several things worthy of my attention ; and he introduced my companion and myself to a gentleman of rank and talents, named Joseph Frederic Freyhere, who seems completely to have discovered the vitality and soul of the chess-playing figure. This gentleman courteously presented me with the treatise he had published, dated at Dresden, Sept. 30, 1789, explaining its principles, accompanied with curious plates, neatly coloured. This treatise is in the German language, and I hope soon to get a translation of it. *A well-taught boy, very thin and small of his age, sufficiently so that he could be concealed in a drawer, almost immediately under the chess-board, agitated the whole.* This discovery at Dresden accounts for the



phlet presented to him at Dresden, which affirms the whole phenomena to be produced by human agency; a conjecture which is confirmed by a writer in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. A well-taught boy is said to be partly concealed in the ample drapery of our automaton's lower limbs, and partly in the commode on which the chess-board is placed. He cannot be seen when the doors are opened, we are told, "because his legs and thighs are then concealed in two hollow cylinders, which appear designed to support the wheels and levers, the rest of the body being at that moment out of the commode, and hid in the drapery of the automaton. When the doors of the commode are shut, the clacks which are heard by the turning of a rounce, permit the dwarf to change his place, and re-enter the commode without being heard; and while the machine is rolled about to different parts of the room, to prove that it is perfectly detached, the dwarf has an opportunity of shutting the trap through which he has passed. The drapery of the automaton is then lifted up, and the interior part of the body is shewn, to convince the spectators that all is fair, and the whole terminates, to their great astonishment, and in the illusion that an effect is produced by simple machinery, which can only arise from a well ordered head." This writer proceeds to conjecture that the chess-board is semi-transparent, so as at once to conceal the party within, and afford him sufficient light to perceive the moves of his antagonist, which are met by an interior lever, governing the arm of the automaton, on the principles of the pantograph.

With these accounts of the chess-player very distinctly in his mind, and an extract of the supposed method of concealing the dwarf or boy, in his pocket, the writer of this paper went with some friends, a few months ago, to visit, and if possible, to play at chess with the automaton. His engagements, however, were far too numerous for

the writer to obtain that honour on this occasion. Some slight changes had taken place in the manner of exhibiting the automaton: having, therefore, avowed to the proprietor, that his object was to obtain a scientific knowledge of his proceedings, as far as it could be done with propriety, the writer took memoranda of what passed.

From a door in a canvass screen the automaton and commode were wheeled out at the time appointed, and the figure was made to face the company. Then the inferior chamber of the commode (occupying about one-third of its dimensions) was opened *before and behind*, when a taper was held by the proprietor in such a situation, as to throw a full light through the machinery that occupied *this* part of it. He now closed and locked the doors of this chamber, opened the drawer, and took out the men and cushion, after which, he opened the larger chamber of the commode in front, and put the taper through the front door within it. Perhaps one-eighth of this chamber, was occupied by machinery; the rest was a perfect cavity, lined with green baize. He now shut and locked these doors; then whirled the commode round, opened and took up the drapery of the figure, and exhibited the body, partly occupied by machinery, and partly left with imperfect imitations of the prominent parts, to the shoulders. The drapery was then carefully pulled down, and the figure wheeled round, so as again to front the spectators, before whom it played a masterly and successful game.

The conviction of the writer and his friends (with the figure before them) was, that the concealment of a small thin boy or dwarf was *barely possible*. The larger chamber would contain him, and that chamber never was opened from behind, nor at the same time that the back of the figure was exposed; while it is observable that the inferior chamber *had* the light of a taper thrown through it. So that it appeared a prac-

silence about it at Vienna; for I understood, by Mr. Eden, that Mr. Freyhere has sent a copy of it to Baron Kempelin, though he seems unwilling to acknowledge that Mr. F. has completely analysed the whole."—*Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary Supplement*.



ticable contrivance that a boy should be concealed in the drapery while the commode was opened, and in the commode while the figure was exposed.

Under these impressions, the writer addressed a letter to the proprietor, in which he stated, that having, with his friends, been highly gratified by the wonderful powers of the automaton chess-player, and intending to communicate the result of his investigation to the public, which must, if satisfactory, prove extremely creditable to the invention,—he requested leave to visit the exhibition, (accompanied by two or three scientific friends and probably in the presence of a member of the Royal Family) in order to see a game played by the figure, with the doors of the commode open; his object being merely to ascertain the impossibility of any human intervention, and not in any degree to inspect the machinery;—but to this application a polite negative was returned, declining any other than the ordinary public exposure of the machine. We must therefore leave the question of human agency still undecided, and pass on to the mention of another of M. de Kempelin's ingenious inventions.

"On what do you think M. de Kempelin is at present employed?" Says M. de Wandisch in a letter to a friend on the pursuits of that gentleman, in 1783—"on a machine that talks! Acknowledge that he must be gifted with a creative genius bold and invincible, to undertake a project of this kind; and will it be believed that he has every reason to hope for complete success? He had already succeeded so far as to prove the possibility, and to deserve, on the part of the learned, that they should dedicate their attention to this new and hitherto unknown invention.

"His machine answers, clearly and distinctly enough, several questions. The voice is sweet and agreeable; there is but the letter R which it pronounces lispingly, and with a certain harshness. When its answer is not understood, it repeats it slower; and if required to speak a third time, it repeats it again, but in a tone of impatience and vexation. I have heard it pronounce, in

different languages, very well and very distinctly, the following words and phrases:—'Papa,' 'Mama,' 'My wife,' 'My husband,' 'A-propos,' 'Marianne,' 'Rome,' 'Madam,' 'The Queen,' 'The King,' 'At Paris,' 'Come,' 'Mama loves me,' 'My wife is my friend.'"—This writer then speaks of the machine being at that time nothing more than a square box, to which was affixed a pair of organ-bellows; and that, at each answer of this *non-descript* speaker, the inventor put his hand under a curtain that covered it, to touch, apparently, the springs that produced the articulation.

It appears to have been M. Kempelin's design to give to this automaton the form of a child of five or six years of age, as the voice which he produced was that of this period of life. He, however, exhibited it in an unfinished state; and we have not been able to learn to what figure it was finally adapted. The narrative of his proceedings in accomplishing what he did effect, and which we abridge from a curious treatise of his, "*On the Mechanism of Speech*," appears to us to be amongst the most interesting and useful of all the automatical details. Our modern removers of impediments in speech may work wonders, perhaps, by looking into his artificial jaws!

The first object of M. Kempelin, though upon what ground we cannot imagine, was the production of the vowel sounds, rather than those of any of the consonant, which he hardly expected to be able to combine with them. He investigated the affinity between the sound of various instruments and the human voice; and between the use of the artificial reed-stop, or *voce humana*, (which has sometimes been applied to the natural organs) and the general functions of the glottis. To the honour of our Northern countrymen, after exhausting his patience on qualifying and combining bassoon with clarionet reeds, those of hautboys, &c., he found the reed of the Highland bagpipe to furnish the best practical basis of his attempts, and sounds approximating the nearest to the harmony divine of human speech!

He now conceived that the funda-



mental powers of the voice were in A, the sound of which vowel he easily produced by combining thereof with a tube and a pair of organ-bellows; but beyond this he could not proceed, until it occurred to him that the organ of developing the sounds desired, demanded his principal attention. He divided, therefore, a deep elliptical box into two parts, which shut upon each other with a hinge, in the manner of the human jaws, connecting his tube with the back of it, and carefully varying their opening and manner of action until he could command the sounds of O, OU, and E. Year after year was devoted to this instrument, we are told; but, I, or the German U, refused to obey his call. K, L, M, and P, however, rewarded his efforts; when he attempted to form the letters he had obtained into syllabic combinations and words. Here an almost insuperable difficulty occurred; the sounds of the letters would not flow into each other without a clatter or pause. If too slowly enunciated, they would seem like a child repeating his alphabet, and have no resemblance to the word intended; and if the tube was too rapidly supplied, it would produce a catching gust of air in the mouth, which interrupted every letter with the sound of K. An aspirating sound following that of the consonants, was also very troublesome to overcome. In the beginning of the third year of his labour, he could execute, pretty accurately, the words Papa, Mama, Aula, Lama, Mulo. The sounds of most of the other consonants were ultimately obtained. P, K, and T, required the greatest quantity of air, we are told; and the whole machine about six times the quantity of the human lungs. But the two latter consonants, with D and G, were always imperfectly articulated. Some of his best sentences were, *Romanorum Imperator semper Augustus. Leopoldus Secundus. Vous êtes mon ami. Je vous aime de tout mon cœur.*

M. De Kempelin finally perfected, 1. Nostrils, which he found of great importance in articulation, and which consisted of two tin tubes, communicating at bottom with his mouth. 2. The

mouth, made of elastic gum, and of a bell form, so contrived that the sounds of the reed issued immediately from it, and connected with the air-chest by a tin tube, which kept it always full of air. 3. The air-chest, which was of an oblong shape, and received at one end the voice-pipe, containing the reed, and at the other the bellows-pipe, both closed round with leather. In this chest were contained two inferior ones, each having a valve at the top closed by a spring, and a round aperture adapted to receive through the side of the larger chest a tin funnel, and a round wooden tube, which produced the hissing sounds of CH, J, S, and Z. The voice-pipe entered the larger chest between the two smaller ones. 4. The bellows, answering the purpose of lungs, and which acted in the ordinary manner of those belonging to an organ. 5. The reed, which was in imitation of a bagpipe drone, the hollow portion being square, and the tongue of it formed of thin ivory, vibrating horizontally, to produce the various sounds. The square end was inserted, as we have noticed, in the air-chest. Along the upper side of the tongue was a moveable spring, which slightly bent it inward; and the part on which it fell was covered with leather, to modulate the vibrations. The sounds were more acute as the spring acted toward the outer extremity of the tongue, which was then more rapid in its motions; as it was withdrawn from this part, the vibrations were slower, and the sounds more grave.

The name of M. Maillardet, a Swiss artist of modern celebrity, is the only one that merits association with that of De Kempelin. He has executed two or three celebrated figures, with whose exploits we must "close this strange eventful history."

One of these is a lady at her piano-forte. She executes eighteen tunes by the actual pressure of her fingers on the keys; and while all the natural notes are thus performed, her feet play the flats and sharps by means of pedals. The instrument in fact, may be correctly called an organ, as it is mainly mov-



ed by bellows ; to bring which into proper action is the one important object of the machinery. The whole is impelled by six strong springs, acting on twenty-five communicating levers, and regulated and equalized by a brass fly. The interior of the instrument is, of course, very complicated and minute in its mechanism, which requires to be wound up once an hour. Before commencing a tune, the lady bows her head to the auditors ; she is apparently agitated with an anxiety and diffidence, not always felt in real life ; her eyes then seem intent on the notes, her bosom heaves, and at a distance it is impossible to discover any semblance of a work of art.

A Magician, that has sometimes accompanied this musical lady, is also a considerable triumph of mechanical skill. He sits at the bottom of a wall, with a long wand in his right hand, and a book in his left. Questions inscribed on thin oval counters, twenty in number, are put into the spectator's hand, who is desired to inclose one or more of them in a drawer, which shuts with a spring. A medallion, for instance, has the question, *What is the most universal passion?* which being put into the drawer, the figure rises with a solemn gait, bows his head, draws a circle or two with his wand, consults his book, and lifts it towards his face, as if in meditation. He then strikes with his wand on the wall above his hand, when two folding-doors open, and discover the inscription *Love*, as the reply. The counters are remarkably thin, and similar in all other respects

but their inscriptions, which some of them bear on both sides : certainly the mechanism that can discriminate the one from the other, must be exquisite ; and mechanism alone, we have the highest authority for believing, it is.

M. Maillardet's Writing-boy is hardly less meritorious. He is exhibited kneeling on one knee, and an attendant having dipped his pencil and laid the paper before him, he executes drawings, and French and English sentences, in writing, of a very superior description. Every natural motion of the fingers, elbow, eyes, &c. is correctly imitated.

The first of these figures the artist stated to have cost him the sum of 1500*l.* in its construction.

We have now placed before the reader as complete an account of the most celebrated automata, as the limits of our publication will admit. We believe no remarkable contrivance of this kind has escaped our notice ; and as we reminded him of some visionary speculations on the powers of man in the commencement of our sketch, is it too much to ask him for one serious reflection, at the close, upon the wisdom of that Almighty Architect, by whom we are so fearfully, so wonderfully, so imitatively made? Without any speculation on the possible powers of man, or the tendency of his habits and impulses on a large and hypothetical scale, let the entire muscular action of a single youthful arm, in striking a shuttlecock, be perfectly imitated by him, and we could consent to resign to the artist the government of our share of the world !\*

\* Since writing the above, we have seen "An Attempt to analyse the Automaton Chess Player of M. De Kempelin." Lond. 1821. The anonymous author is sanguine enough to add, "With an easy Method of imitating the movements of that celebrated Figure."

The solution of these movements here offered to the public, is so far similar to our own, as that the writer confidently ascribes them to the concealed presence of a living agent. Five lithographic plates illustrate his supposed mode of operation. But this tract suggests, that the operator is introduced into the body of the automaton ; that he sees the chess-board, while playing, "through the waistcoat, as easily as thro' a veil ;" and that his left hand actually fills the sleeve of the figure, moving the fingers "with a string." (Surely, to make this sort of agency complete, the chess-player might have been furnished with gloves !)

The author ingeniously finds a space at the back of the drawer, not heretofore noticed, which would relieve the legs of a concealed person. He also makes some pertinent remarks on the illusion which is probably practised on the spectator in the winding-up of the machinery, the ticking of clock-work that is heard. &c. We still imagine, however, that the dimensions of the chest would afford no room for the concealment of a figure that could thus direct the arm ; and are certain no such figure could rise out of it into that part of the body supposed, as we saw it displayed in London. A youth coiled up in the commode would much more "easily" play the game. The whole chest is but two feet and a half high, three feet long, and two feet in breadth.



(Literary Gazette.)

**JAMES WATSON, THE BLIND MUSICIAN, OF DUNDEE.**

**J**AMES WATSON, of Dundee, has followed the profession of a musician for several years. From his infancy he evinced a great fondness for mechanics. Finding that he could not always procure a player on the violoncello to accompany him, he some time ago thought of uniting that instrument to the violin. His earliest attempt convinced him that he would ultimately succeed in playing both instruments; and though the devices to which he had recourse at first, for managing the bow of the violoncello with the right foot, and stopping the strings with the left, were but imperfect, yet his performance excited considerable interest; and when, more than six months ago, he visited the Scottish metropolis, he drew the attention and secured the patronage of many persons of eminence, both in the fashionable and in the philosophical world.

Notices of Mr. Watson's performances at that time appeared in several journals, but he has since been labouring most assiduously, and has made very considerable improvements, both in the mechanism and in the management of his instruments. The stops by which he shortens the strings of his violoncello have been fitted with more elegance and precision; additional springs have been added to assist and relieve his leg in the operation of bowing; and the bow has been fastened to his foot by new machinery, which insures more powerful and steady execution. Indeed, the whole of this machinery is now so constructed, that he can play both instruments for a very great length of time, without more fatigue than if he played only upon one. Nor is this all: for by a very nice and accurate application of mechanism wholly invented by himself, he can perform upon two violoncellos at the same time; and the one upon which he plays the principal strain, is so contrived as to have the power and tone of two

played by different performers; so that he may be said to play three violoncellos,—the principal strain upon two, and the bass upon a third. Nor is the compass limited; for the instrument upon which he plays the principal, has a range of sixty-four semitones, and more could be added if necessary.

At the same time, he has made an improvement in the setting, and consequently in the reading of music; which must prove a great advantage to musicians who, like himself, are deprived of the sense of vision. In the common mode of setting music for the blind, there are in a stave, five lines and four spaces with two ledger lines both above and below, the lines being marked on the board by raised fillets, the spaces by channels between, and the ledger-lines by fillets rounded off at the edges. The notes are marked by pegs put into holes in these; the pegs have no distinction, unless when they express different semitones. By this means, the stave occupies a considerable breadth; and hence the use of it is fatiguing to the hand, and it becomes next to impossible to set a long piece of music. In Mr. Watson's method, the whole stave consists of only two fillets, with three spaces,—four whole notes with the semitones being marked on each; and this is accomplished by having a notch on the side of each peg, and placing the notch in a different position, according to the different notes to be indicated. Thus, turning to the right hand, to the top, to the left hand, and to the bottom, gives four whole notes; and the intermediate semitone may be expressed by making it to stand half way between the whole notes. From the comparatively smaller space which the stave occupies, the largest piece of music can be set upon this board with the greatest ease; and we should suppose that it requires only to be known, in order to be brought into general use.



(Literary Gazette.)

## VALERIUS : A ROMAN STORY.

THAT a great change has taken place in the system of novel-writing may be premised, without any pretensions to superior critical acumen. The long day of long-winded romances yielded to the sentimental approximations to real life; and that style in turn gave way to, or at least became largely combined with, stories of roguery and humour. The heroics of folly, and the whinings of maudlin sensibility, had long submitted to a more natural course; and Le Sage\* and Fielding had reformed the world of fiction, to a great degree, before their splendid competitor of the north arose to bestow the highest elevation upon this species of composition.

The effect which he has produced is amazing: he seems to have almost annihilated the prolific genus of novel trash! We do not mean to affirm that there are no bad novels now: our groaning table bears intolerable testimony to the reverse; but there is, even in the worst, a superior aim; and the lowest circulating bubbles of the present time would stand nearly on a level with the best of twenty years ago.

It is to the spirit thus generated that we owe Valerius—a tale evidently written by a hand of the finer order. It is a production of classical intelligence; and though we cannot say *nunquam dormitat Homerus*, we may truly state, that the waking merits of this author very far overbalance his occasional noddings. There is however a strange alloy of baser metal with his gold, and we are often startled at vulgarisms which deface his noblest descriptions.

The scene is laid in Rome, in the reign of Trajan; and the most interesting parts of the story hinge on his persecutions of the Christians. Valerius, a noble Roman, though the son of a British lady, and born in Britain, is invited to the eternal city by his relation, the forensic orator Licinius, for the purpose of claiming the patrimony

of his ancestors. He sets out, accompanied by his slave Boto, a sort of inferior Gurth; and on his voyage forms an intimacy with a centurion named Sabinus. At Rome itself he becomes acquainted not only with Licinius, but with his son Sextus; with Xerophrates, a philosopher, his tutor; with Rubellia, a young patrician widow, whom Sextus is destined to marry; with Sempronius, a beautiful girl beloved by Sextus; and with Athanasia, her cousin, who has been secretly converted to the new faith, and with whom Valerius also falls in love. There are besides many other characters; but these, with Dromo, an intriguing slave attached to Sextus, and Pona, a sorceress, are the most prominent. We shall not pursue the intricacies of the plot, which have little of *peculiar* attraction; the main feature being its attempt to familiarize us with Roman manners at the close of the first century. And in this a very considerable extent of information is displayed—information the more pleasing, because we are not aware of any similar performance worthy of notice in the English language, though some successful efforts at the delineation of the ancients in their daily and common affairs have been made on the continent.

Valerius' separation from his only remaining parent, strikes us in the opening.

"I cannot (says he) pretend to regret the accident which immediately afterwards separated me from the most gentle of mothers—alas! never to see her more upon the earth. Yet, how deeply was the happiness of my returning hour stained and embittered by that sorrowful privation! There was a void in my heart, which it was long before even the fulness of conjugal devotion could entirely fill up and satisfy. In losing her, I had lost the last and strongest link that connected my contemplation of the present with my memory of the past. My early years of infancy and boyhood now existed for nobody but myself; and I



could scarcely bear to look back upon them, now that those eyes were closed for ever, in whose watchful light all their safety and almost all their happiness had consisted. But I was still young, and had bright hopes before me, that ere long withdrew my attention from the dark places of recollection. It is the common rule of nature, that our parents should precede us to the grave; and it is also her rule, that our grief for them should not be of such power as to prevent us from entering, after they are gone, into a zealous participation both of the business and the pleasures of life. Yet, in all well regulated spirits, the influence of that necessary and irremediable deprivation, however time may sooth and soften it, has a deep and an enduring resting-place. In the midst of the noisiest, busiest hours of after-life, the memory of that buried tenderness rises up ever and anon to remind us of the instability of all human things, and wins rather than warns us to a deliberate contemplation of futurity. Such is the gentle and abiding effect of that, at first sight, grievous and altogether intolerable affliction. Now, indeed, that every day brings to me some new testimonial of the near approach of my own dissolution, I have begun to regard all these things with another eye, and to find, in the contemplation of my reunion with the dear friends I have lost, a far more than sufficient consolation for the inconvenience occasioned to me by reason of their temporary absence. But it must yet be long ere the course of nature shall bring this last source of happiness near to your eyes, and teach you, as I have of late been taught, how near to each other at times may be found not only the physical effects but the proximate causes of pleasures and of pain."

His approach to, and first morning view of Rome, are also superb descriptions; but the account of an exhibition of combats, and of the execution of Thraso, a Christian, at the amphitheatre, furnish us with the most continuous examples of powerful writing.

"Such was the enormous crowd of human beings, high and low, assem-

bled therein, that when any motion went through their assembly, the noise of their rising up or sitting down could be likened to nothing, except, perhaps, the far-off sullen roaring of the illimitable sea, or the rushing of a great night-wind amongst the boughs of a forest. It was the first time that I had ever seen a peopled amphitheatre—nay, it was the first time that I had even seen any very great multitude of men assembled together, within any fabric of human erection; so that you cannot doubt there was, in the scene before me, enough to impress my mind with a very serious feeling of astonishment—not to say of veneration. Not less than eighty thousand human beings, (for such they told me was the stupendous capacity of the building,) were here met together. Such a multitude can no where be regarded, without inspiring a certain indefinite indefinable sense of majesty; least of all, when congregated within the wide sweep of such a glorious edifice as this, and surrounded on all sides with every circumstance of ornament and splendour, befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the munificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. Judge then, with what eyes of wonder all this was surveyed by me, who had but of yesterday, as it were, emerged from the solitary stillness of a British valley—who had been accustomed all my life to consider as among the most impressive of human spectacles, the casual passage of a few scores of legionaries, through some dark alley of a wood, or awe-struck village of barbarians. Trajan himself was already present, but in no wise, except in the canopy over his ivory chair, to be distinguished from the other Consul that sate over against him."

"The proclamation being repeated a second time, a door on the right hand of the arena was laid open, and a single trumpet sounded, as it seemed to me, mournfully, while the gladiators marched in with slow steps, each man—naked, except being girt with a cloth about his loins—bearing on his left arm a small buckler, and having a short straight sword suspended by a cord around his



neck. They marched, as I have said, slowly and steadily ; so that the whole assembly had full leisure to contemplate the forms of the men ; while those who were, or who imagined themselves to be skilled in the business of the arena, were fixing, in their own minds, on such as they thought most likely to be victorious, and laying wagers concerning their chances of success, with as much unconcern as if they had been contemplating so many irrational animals, or rather, indeed, I should say, so many senseless pieces of ingenious mechanism. The wide diversity of complexion and feature exhibited among these devoted athletes, afforded at once a majestic idea of the extent of the Roman empire, and a terrible one of the purposes to which that wide sway had too often been made subservient. The beautiful Greek, with a countenance of noble serenity, and limbs after which the sculptors of his country might have modelled their god-like symbols of graceful power, walked side by side with the yellow-bearded savage, whose gigantic muscles had been nerved in the freezing waves of the Elbe or the Danube, or whose thick strong hair was congealed and shagged on his brow with the breath of Scythian or Scandinavian winters. Many fierce Moors and Arabs, and curled Ethiopians were there, with the beams of the southern sun burnt in every various shade of swarthiness upon their skins. Nor did our own remote island want her representatives in the deadly procession, for I saw among the armed multitude—and that not altogether without some feelings of more peculiar interest—two or three gaunt barbarians, whose breasts and shoulders bore uncouth marks of blue and purple, so vivid in the tints, that I thought many months could not have elapsed since they must have been wandering in wild freedom along the native ridges of some Silurian or Caledonian forest. As they moved around the arena, some of these men were saluted by the whole multitude with noisy acclamations, in token, I supposed, of the approbation wherewith the feats of some former festival had deserved to be remembered. On

the appearance of others, groans and hisses were heard from some parts of the Amphitheatre, mixed with contending cheers and huzzas from others of the spectators. But by far the greater part were suffered to pass on in silence ;—this being in all likelihood the first—alas ! who could tell whether it might not also be the last day of their sharing in that fearful exhibition !

“ Their masters paired them shortly, and in succession they began to make proof of their fatal skill. At first, Scythian was matched against Scythian—Greek against Greek—Ethiopian against Ethiopian—Spaniard against Spaniard ; and I saw the sand dyed beneath their feet with blood streaming from the wounds of kindred hands. But these combats, although abundantly bloody and terrible, were regarded only as preludes to the serious business of the day, which consisted of duels between Europeans on the one side, and Africans on the other ; wherein it was the well-nigh intransgressible law of the Amphitheatre, that at least one out of every pair of combatants should die on the arena before the eyes of the multitude. Instead of shrinking from the more desperate brutalities of these latter conflicts, the almost certainty of their fatal termination seemed only to make the assembly gaze on them with a more intense curiosity, and a more inhuman measure of delight. Methinks I feel as if it were but of yesterday, when,—sickened with the protracted terrors of a conflict, that seemed as if it were never to have an end, although both the combatants were already covered all over with hideous gashes,—I at last bowed down my head, and clasped my hands upon my eyes, to save them from the torture of gazing thereon farther.” \* \*

“ At that instant all were silent, in the contemplation of the breathless strife ; insomuch, that a groan, the first that had escaped from either of the combatants, although low and reluctant, and half-suppressed, sounded quite distinctly amid the deep hush of the assembly, and being constrained thereby to turn mine eyes once more downwards, I beheld that, at length, one of



the two had received the sword of his adversary quite through his body, and had sunk before him upon the sand. A beautiful young man was he that had received this harm, with fair hair, clustered in glossy ringlets upon his neck and brows; but the sickness of his wound was already visible on his drooping eye-lids, and his lips were pale, as if the blood had rushed from them to the untimely outlet. Nevertheless, the Moorish gladiator who had fought with him, had drawn forth again his weapon, and stood there, awaiting in silence the decision of the multitude, whether at once to slay the defenceless youth, or to assist in removing him from the arena, if perchance the blood might be stopped from flowing, and some hope of recovery even yet extended to him. Hereupon there arose, on the instant, a loud voice of contention; and it seemed to me as if the wounded man regarded the multitude with a proud, and withal a contemptuous glance, being aware, without question, that he had executed all things so as to deserve their compassion, but aware, moreover, that even had that been freely vouchsafed to him, it was too late for any hope of safety. But the cruelty of their faces, it may be, and the loudness of their cries, were a sorrow to him, and filled his dying breast with loathing. Whether or not the haughtiness of his countenance had been observed by them with displeasure, I cannot say; but so it was, that those who had cried out to give him a chance of recovery, were speedily silent, and the Emperor looking round, and seeing all the thumbs turned downwards, (for that is, you know, the signal of death,) was constrained to give the sign, and forthwith the young man, receiving again without a struggle the sword of the Moor into his gashed bosom, breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out in his blood upon the place of guilt. With that a joyous clamour was uplifted by many of those that looked upon it, and the victorious Moor being crowned with an ivy garland, was carried in procession around the arena by certain young men, who leaped down for that purpose from the midst of the assem-

bly. In the mean time, those that had the care of such things, dragged away, with a filthy hook, the corpse of him that had been slain; and then, raking up the sand over the blood that had fallen from him, prepared the place, with indifferent countenances, for some other cruel tragedy of the same kind,—while all around me, the spectators were seen rising from their places, and saluting each other; and there was a buzz of talking as universal as the silence had been during the combat; some speaking of it, and paying and receiving money lost and won upon its issue; some already laughing merrily, and discoursing concerning other matters, even as if nothing uncommon had been witnessed; while others again appeared to be entirely occupied with the martial music which ever struck up majestically at such pauses in the course of the cruel exhibition; some beating time upon the benches before them, others lightly joining their voices in unison with the proud notes of the trumpets and clarions."

To this ensues combats with wild beasts: and lastly there is a most noble, though somewhat theatrical picture, of the death of Thraso.

Various forms are gone through, and this victim, Thraso, the christian, refusing to deny his God, is devoted to Jupiter.

These examples will illustrate the author; and perhaps we can do nothing more effectual towards the recommendation of his work. It is interspersed with poetical effusions, of which we are also bound by the laws of reviewing to give specimens. The following is a Delian chaunt sung in the temple of Apollo.

\* The moon, the moon is thine, O night,  
Not altogether dark art thou;  
Her trembling crescent sheds its light,  
Trembling and pale, upon thine ancient brow.

The moon is thine, and round her orb  
A thousand sweet stars minister,  
Whose twinkling rays dark welis absorb,  
And all the wide seas drink them far and near.

They kiss the wide sea, and swift smiles  
Of gladness o'er the waters creep;  
Old hoary rocks rejoice, and isles,  
And there is glory on the slumbering deep.



Afar—Along the black hill's side,  
Right blithe of heart the wanderers go,  
While that soft radiance, far and wide,  
Gleams on the winding streams and woods below.

And gaily for the fragile bark,  
Through the green waves its path is shorn,  
When all the murmurs of the dark  
Cold sea lie calm'd beneath that gliding horn.

Yet hail, ye glittering streaks, that lie  
The eastern mountain tops upon !  
Hail, ye deep blushes of the sky,  
That speak the coming of the bridegroom sun !

Hail to the healing balm of day,  
That rouses every living thing !  
The forest gulphs confess thy sway,  
And upon freshening branches glad birds sing.

And loathsome forms, that crept unseen  
Beneath the star-light faint and wan,  
Cower in their brakes the thorns between,  
Dreading that fervid eye, and its sure scan.

Triumphant—Welcome life and light !  
Sing rocks and mountains, plain and sea ;  
Fearful, though lovely, was the night,  
Hail to more perfect beauty—hail to *Thee* !

On looking back to the whole effect,  
we feel, that in the first and third volumes it is uncommonly powerful ; and we are convinced that Valerius will not fail to please general readers, while it presents a picture of great interest and novelty to every person of taste and learning, who must appreciate the skill

with which these qualifications are expended by a modern British pen on an ancient Roman story. Human nature is always the same, though varied by times and circumstances ; and therefore we may readily grant nearly all that the writer asks us to believe, notwithstanding the domestic habits of a fierce, warlike, and barbarous people, must have been so widely different from those of more civilized ages, and especially in nations operated upon by the mild doctrines of Christianity.

It may strike readers, that the characters are formed a good deal on prototypes, furnished by the author of *Waverley* ; and, indeed, there are some strong family lineaments in Pona and Meg Merrilies, Boto and Gurth, Xerophrates and Dominie Sampson. The amphitheatre scene is of the same kind with the tournament in *Ivanhoe* ; and there are many passages in these volumes, which would not disparage the great unknown himself ; though, we think, there are other parts which even in his most careless mood, he could not have written. The author preserves his incognito ; he is a very able man, and has executed a difficult task with no mean success.

#### A RECIPE A MAKE A LOBSTER SALLAD

COME, Thestylis, and with washed hands prepare  
The bowl of china, or of Wedgwood's ware ;  
Then, on a cloth as white as drifted snows,  
With care the known ingredients dispose.  
My proper hand alone within the bowl  
Shall mix the sapid mass, and crown the whole.  
Three measured spoonfuls first of purest Oil  
The flask must yield—the growth of Lucca's soil ;  
These first with Salt the knowing artist blends,  
(On this the union of the whole depends) ;  
Then pungent Mustard add, then acid wine ;  
And thus the adverse fluids so combine,  
No oily spots the keenest eye may note,  
That on the homogeneous liquid float.  
Now Cayenne's generous warmth I add ; and now  
Of macey essence half a drop allow.  
Now bring the Lobster o'er whose shell is spread  
The mottled white amid the darkest red ;  
Crack well the crooked claw, and slit the tail,  
And tear the Thorax from its solid mail ;  
Extract the pulp, the coral too divide,  
And place them all in order by my side.  
Now the crisp Lettuce in the bowl I shred,  
(Blanched Endive serves in winter in its stead ;  
Nor then the snowy Celery disdain) ;  
Now from the Tyrrhene wave Anchovies twain  
I add ; and Gherkins slice, and buds of Caper rain.



With these alternately the fish I spread,  
 And mingle with the white the coral's red :  
 And solid egg in even slices lay,  
 In which round yellow orbs white circles play;  
 Again the blended fluid in I throw,  
 And join at last the Beet-root's crimson glow.  
 Bring me, ye boasters of the angler's bliss,  
 E'en from your proudest spoils a prey like this :  
 Or own that Walton's choicest triumph yields  
 To those we furnish in Saint George's Fields.

## EXTRACT FROM HENRY SCHULTZE.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Henry Schultze, a man in humble life, is a happy husband and father ; his wife is seduced, his family perishes, and he starves himself to death.\* The following, on the discovery of his dishonour, is very touching :

She held my knees, and pleaded till away  
 She swooned. I gazed upon her as she lay,  
 And knew not where I was. I could not speak,  
 My heart's blood went and came ; my knees grew  
 weak  
 And shook beneath me, till I almost thought  
 I should have sunk and died upon the spot.  
 At last came tears and cries to my relief ;  
 I turned away, and howled aloud my grief.  
 But still he lived.—I snatched the knife, and rushed  
 Forth to his chamber, hoping to have crushed  
 The serpent in his lair ; but he was fled.  
 I stabbed in frenzy his deserted bed,  
 And cut the clothes in pieces he had worn,  
 And would have next destroyed myself forlorn ;  
 But God withheld me there—I tottered down  
 To her again, and wept—I could not frown—  
 No, in despite of every stain and fall,  
 She was my dimmed, degraded, ruined All.  
 I mourned, but could not hate her. " Go ! " cried I,  
 " Go ! we are neither of us fit to die.  
 Thy parents' roof must now thy shelter be,  
 Where thou mayest weep for thy lost self—and me.  
 Kiss then thy helpless children, and go hence,  
 And seek thy God with prayer and penitence.  
 And O, may He, all fallen as thou art,  
 Forgive thee, as doth now my breaking heart ! "

The death of his last child is very pathetic.

But ah, my spirit from its trance awoke !  
 A second thunderbolt upon me broke.  
 " Thy child is dying," smote upon my ear.—  
 My child ! my child ! my little dear !  
 My only solace left ! (for now I knew  
 I had a solace) must she quit me too ?

Yes : and the dread contagion stopped not there ;  
 Sickened and sank the other little pair ;  
 Sickened and sank, and died before my face,  
 Almost before I caught one live embrace,  
 Or snatched one breathing kiss. O God ! O God !  
 The little darlings ! that beside me trod,  
 And climbed my knees, and pulled my coat in play,  
 And smiled and prattled round me yesterday,  
 Cold, stiff, and silent now, and low in earth,  
 Laid by the side of her who gave them birth.—  
 But I must put aside these musings drear,  
 And turn where yet a hope remains to cheer  
 My toils ; and God may pity, may forbear  
 This little lone one from my heart to tear.  
 O would He leave her to me, here I'd vow  
 To own his love, and prize my blessings now :  
 Might my wild prayer this single boon obtain,  
 I ne'er would murmur, come what might, again !  
 I took my anxious station near her bed,  
 Fanned her hot cheek, and propped her little head,  
 Watched her asleep, and tended her awake,  
 And wept and prayed, and trembled for her sake.  
 I see her now, when from her stooping eye  
 She wiped the tear, and whispered, " Do not cry,  
 My dear papa, for me. You said, you know,  
 To heaven, where poor mamma, and Sophie are,  
 And Wilhelm too, and live with angels there,  
 And God, and Jesus Christ, and all good men :  
 And I am sure I must be happy then.  
 But if I go and tell Mamma, that you  
 Were crying here, I know she will cry too : "  
 I cannot speak the rest. From my embrace  
 They took and bore the body to its place.  
 My heart went with it down into the grave ;  
 And there it rests with those it failed to save.

## GREEK ROBBER.

THE sanguinary civil war at this moment waged between the Christian or Greek inhabitants of the Turkish empire and their tyrannic masters, has been preceded by a long train of petty warfares in which the vengeance of the Greeks has degenerated into robbery,

of which the following is a singular instance :

From the year 1745 to 1760, the Turks were greatly annoyed on their Venetian frontier by a bandit of the name of Socivizca, who had conceived an inveterate animosity against the

\* The poem is founded on a fact, related by Professor Hussland.



whole Ottoman race, and made them the constant and exclusive objects of his marauding enterprizes. At length pursued on every side, and anxious for a short repose, Socivizca retired with his family to Carlowitz, in the Austrian dominions, where he resided for three years, distinguished during the whole period for the most irreproachable conduct.

While living here in peace, he was betrayed into the hands of a Turkish Pacha, who had most cruelly put to death one of his brothers, and his wife and children were soon after entrapped in the same manner. Fortune had not however yet deserted Socivizca. As the Turks were conducting him to Traunick, he contrived to make his escape from them, though he had still the mortification to leave his family prisoners.

When his own safety was insured, he entered into a negociation with the Pacha for the liberty of his wife and children, but in vain. All other methods failings, he determined to write; and his letter is a curious specimen of social feeling, operating on a rugged mind and ardent disposition. It was in these terms:

"I am informed, O Pacha of Bosnia! that you complain of my escape; but I put it to yourself, what would you have done in my place? Would you have suffered yourself to be bound with cords like a miserable beast, and led without resistance by men, who, as soon as they arrived at a certain place, would in all probability have put you to death? Nature impels us to avoid destruction, and I have only acted in obedience to her laws.

"Tell me, Pacha, what crime have my wife and children committed, that, in spite of law and justice, you should retain them like slaves? Perhaps you want to render me more submissive; but you cannot surely expect that I shall return to you, and hold forth my arms to be loaded with fresh chains? No, you do but deceive yourself, and render me more terrible than before. Hear me then, Pacha; you may exhaust on them all your fury, without

producing the least advantage. On my part I declare, I will wreak my vengeance on all the Turks, your subjects, who may fall into my hands; and I will omit no means of injuring you. For the love of God, restore to me, I beseech you, my blood. Obtain pardon from my sovereign, and no longer retain in your memory my past offences. I promise that I will then leave your subjects in tranquillity, and even serve them as a guide when necessary.

"If you refuse me this favour, expect from me all that despair can prompt. I will assemble my friends, carry destruction wherever you reside, pillage your property, plunder your merchants; and from this moment, if you pay no attention to my entreaties, I swear that I will massacre every Turk that falls into my hands."

The Pacha did not think proper to pay any attention to the letter of a highway robber, and Socivizca was not slow in carrying into effect the vow he had made. He desolated the country, giving proofs of a prodigious valour; insomuch that the people were obliged to entreat the Pacha to deliver them from so great a scourge, by sending back his wife and children. The Pacha, however, was inexorable, and it was only by a fortunate co-operation of force and stratagem, of the particulars of which we are not correctly informed, that he succeeded at last in obtaining the liberty of his family.

Shortly after his troop took prisoner a Turk, who had favoured the escape of one of Socivizca's brothers. The brother, in opposition to the wish of the chief and the rest of the band, was anxious to return the favour. The captive was destined to die; but the grateful robber, while Socivizca was at prayers, a ceremony which he never omitted before meals, set him at liberty: all the band were outrageous against the brother of Socivizca, and one of his nephews carried his resentment so far, as to give him a blow; the indignant uncle drew a pistol, and killed the aggressor on the spot; Socivizca at the same time expelled his brother from the troop; and after performing the funeral



obsequies of his nephew, felt so great a degree of mortification, that he determined to pass the remainder of his days in retirement.

But the habits of a long life are not so easily changed ; after a short retreat, Socovizca suddenly resumed his system of hostilities against the Turks.

Yet how instructive is the sequel of this extraordinary man's life ! After as many massacres and robberies as would have outweighed the souls of a thousand men, he found himself in possession

of no more than six hundred sequins ; part of this sum he confided to a friend, and part to a cousin, both of whom absconded with their respective deposits.

At length, in 1775, the Emperor Joseph II. passing by Grazach, was desirous to see him ; he had him brought into his presence, and made him repeat the chief events of his life ; after which, besides making him a considerable present in money, he appointed him to the post of Anambassa of Pandours.

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(New Monthly Magazine.)

#### LETTERS FROM SPAIN BY DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

CADIZ, though fast declining from the wealth and splendour to which it had reached during her exclusive privilege to trade with the Colonies of South America, is still one of the few towns of Spain, which, for refinement, may be compared with some of the second-rate in England. The people are hospitable and cheerful. The women, without being at all beautiful, are really fascinating.—Singing to the guitar, or the piano, is a very common resource at the *Tertulias* or evening parties. But the musical acquirements of the Spanish ladies cannot bear the most distant comparison with those of the female amateurs in London. In singing, however, they possess one great advantage—that of opening the mouth—which your English *Misses* seem to consider as a great breach of propriety.

The inhabitants of Cadiz, being confined to the rock on which their city is built, have made the towns of *Chiclana*, *Puerto Real*, and Port St. Mary's, their places of resort, especially in summer. The passage, by water, to Port St. Mary's, is, upon an average, of about an hour and a half, and the intercourse between the two places, nearly as constant as between a large city and its suburbs. Boats full of passengers are incessantly crossing from day-break till sun-set.—The Spaniards, however, are not so shy of strangers as I have generally found your countrymen. Place any two of them, male or female, by the merest

chance, together, and they will immediately enter into some conversation. The absolute disregard to a stranger, which custom has established in England, would be taken for an insult in any part of Spain ; consequently little gravity is preserved in these aquatic excursions. In fine weather, when the female part of the company are not troubled with fear or sickness, the passengers indulge in a boisterous sort of mirth, which is congenial to Andalusians of all classes.—I do not know whether I shall be able to convey a notion of this amusement. It admits of no liberties of action, while every allowance is made for words which do not amount to gross indecency. It is—if I may use the expression—a conversational *row*.—In the midst, however, of hoarse laugh and loud shouting, as soon as the boat reaches the shoals, the steersman, raising his voice with a gravity becoming a parish-clerk, addresses himself to the company in words amounting to these—"Let us pray for the souls of all that have perished in this place." The pious address of the boatman has a striking effect upon the company : for one or two minutes every one utters a private prayer, whilst a sailor-boy goes round collecting a few copper coins from the passengers, which are religiously spent in procuring masses for the souls in purgatory. This ceremony being over, the riot is resumed with unabated spirit, till the very point of landing.



I went by land to St. Lucar, a town of some wealth and consequence at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. The passage to Seville, of about twenty Spanish leagues up the river, is tedious.—No Spanish conveyance is either comfortable or expeditious.—Fortunately, it is neither difficult nor expensive to obtain the exclusive hire of a boat. You must submit, however, to the disagreeable circumstance of riding on a man's shoulders from the water's edge to a little skiff, which, from the flatness of the shore, lies waiting for passengers at the distance of 15 or 20 yards.

The country, on both sides of the river, is for the most part flat and desolate. The eye roves in vain over vast plains of alluvial ground in search of some marks of human habitation. Herds of black cattle, and large flocks of sheep are seen on two considerable islands formed by different branches of the river. The fierce Andalusian bulls, kept by themselves in large inclosures, where, with a view to their appearance on the arena, they are made more savage by solitude, are seen straggling here and there down to the brink of the river, tossing their shaggy heads, and pawing the ground on the approach of the boat.

After two tedious days, and uncomfortable nights, I found myself under the *Torre del Oro*, a large octagon tower of great antiquity, and generally supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar, which stands by the mole or quay of the capital of Andalusia, my native and long deserted town.

The eastern custom of building houses on the four sides of an open area is so prevalent in Andalusia, that, till my first journey to Madrid, I confess I was perfectly at a loss to conceive a habitable dwelling in any other shape. The houses are generally two stories high, with a gallery, or *corredor*, which, as the name implies, runs along the four, or at least the three sides of the *Pátio*, or central square, affording an external communication between the rooms above stairs, and forming a covered walk over the doors of the ground-floor apartments. These two suites of rooms are a counterpart to each other, being alternately inhabited or deserted in the

seasons of winter and summer. About the middle of October every house in Seville is in a complete bustle for two or three days. The lower apartments are stripped of their furniture, and every chair and every table—nay, the cook with all her battering train—are ordered off to winter quarters. This change of habitation, together with mats laid over the brick-floors, thicker and warmer than those used in summer, is all the provision that is made against cold in this country. A flat and open brass pan, of about two feet diameter, raised a few inches from the ground by a round wooden frame, on which, those who sit near it, may rest their feet, is used to burn a sort of charcoal made of brushwood, which the natives call *cisco*. The fumes of the charcoal are injurious to the health; but, such is the effect of habit, the natives are seldom aware of any inconvenience arising from the choking smell of their brasiers.

The precautions against heat, however, are numerous. About the latter end of May the whole population move down stairs. A thick awning, which draws and undraws by means of ropes and pulleys, is stretched over the central square, on a level with the roof of the house. The window-shutters are nearly closed from morning till sun-set, admitting just light enough to see one another, provided the eyes have not lately been exposed to the glare of the streets. The floors are washed every morning, that the evaporation of the water imbibed by the bricks, may abate the heat of the air. A very light mat, made of a delicate sort of rush, and dyed with a variety of colours, is used instead of a carpet. The *Pátio*, or square, is ornamented with flower-pots, especially round a *jet d'eau*, which, in most houses, occupies its centre. During the hot season the ladies sit and receive their friends in the *Pátio*. The street-doors are generally open; but invariably so from sunset till 11 or 12 in the night. Three or four very large glass lamps are hung in a line from the street-door to the opposite end of the *Pátio*: and, as in most houses, those who meet at night for a *Tertulia*, are visible from the streets, the town presents a very pretty



and animated scene till near midnight. —The poorer class of people, to avoid the intolerable heat of their habitations, pass a great part of the night in conversation at their doors ; while persons of all descriptions are moving about till late, either to see their friends, or to enjoy the cool air in the public walks.

This gay scene vanishes, however, on the approach of winter. The people retreat to the upper floors, the ill-lighted streets are deserted at the close of day, and they become so dangerous from robbers, that few but the young and adventurous retire home from the *Tertulia* without being attended by a servant, sometimes bearing a lighted torch. The free access to every house, which prevails in summer, is now checked by the caution of the inhabitants. The entrance to the houses lies through a passage with two doors, one to the street, and another called the *middle-door* (for there is another at the top of the stairs) which opens into the *Pátio*. This passage is called *Zaguan* —a pure Arabic word, which means, I believe a porch. The *middle-door* is generally shut in the day-time ; the outer one is never closed but at night. Whoever wants to be admitted must knock at the middle door, and be prepared to answer a question, which, as it presents one of those little peculiarities which you are so fond of hearing, I shall not consider as unworthy of a place in my narrative.

The knock at the door, which, by-the-by, must be single and by no means loud—in fact, a tradesman's knock in London—is answered with a *Who is there?* To this question the stranger replies, “Peaceful people :” *Gente de paz*—and the door is opened without further enquiries. Peasants and beggars call out at the door, Hail spotless Mary! *Ave Maria purísima*. The answer, in that case, is given from within in the words *Sin pecado concebida*: conceived without sin. This custom is a remnant of the fierce controversy, which existed, about three hundred years ago between the Franciscan and Dominican friars, whether the Virgin Mary had or not been subject to the penal consequences of original

sin. The Dominicans were not willing to grant any exemption ; while the Franciscans contended for the propriety of such a privilege. The Spaniards, and especially the Sevillians, with their characteristic gallantry, stood for the honour of our Lady, and embraced the latter opinion so warmly, that they turned the watch-word of their party into the form of address, which is still so prevalent in Andalusia. During the heat of the dispute, and before the Dominicans had been silenced by the authority of the Pope, the people of Seville began to assemble at various churches, and sallying forth with an emblematical picture of that *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard surmounted by a cross, they paraded the city in different directions, singing a hymn to the *immaculate conception*, and repeating aloud their beads or *rosary*. These processions have continued to our times, and they constitute one of the nightly nuisances of this place. Though confined at present to the lower classes, they assume that characteristic importance and overbearing spirit, which attaches to the most insignificant religious associations in this country. Wherever one of these shabby processions presents itself to the public, it takes up the street from side to side, stopping the passengers, and expecting them to stand uncovered in all kinds of weather, till the standard is gone by. These awkward and heavy banners are called at Seville, *Sinpecados*, that is, *sinless*, from the theological opinion in whose support they were raised.

The Spanish government, under Charles III., shewed the most ludicrous eagerness to have the *sinless purity* of the Virgin Mary added by the Pope to the articles of the Roman Catholic faith. The court of Rome, however, with the cautious spirit, which has at all times guided its spiritual politics, endeavoured to keep clear from a stretch of authority, which, even some of their own divines would be ready to question ; but splitting, as it were, the difference with theological precision, the censures of the church were levelled against such as should have the boldness to assert that the Virgin Mary had



derived any taint from "her great ancestor;" and, having personified the *immaculate conception*, it was declared, that the Spanish dominions in Europe and America were under the protecting influence of that mysterious event. This declaration diffused universal joy over the whole nation. It was celebrated with public rejoicings on both sides of the Atlantic. The king instituted an order under the emblem of the immaculate conception—a woman dressed in white and blue; and a law was enacted, requiring a declaration, upon oath, of a firm belief in the *immaculate*

*conception*, from every individual, previous to his taking any degree at the universities, or being admitted into any of the corporations, civil and religious, which abound in Spain. This oath is administered even to mechanics upon their being made free of a Guild.

Here, however, I must break off, for fear of making this packet too large for the confidential conveyance, which alone I could trust without great risk of finishing my task in one of the cells of the Holy Inquisition. I will not fail, however to resume my subject as soon as circumstances will permit me.

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### THE CAVE OF LIFE.

**I**N the early period of the French revolution, when every thing was settled by the guillotine, a gentleman of the name of Laurensen, who had been a municipal officer of Mornand, was condemned. After judgment, he was conducted to the Cave of Life, which made him consider his emancipation as certain. A few days after his arrival, he received a very strong and energetic address from the inhabitants of the Commune, who retracted their denunciation, and owned that they had been deceived. This important document Laurensen now considered as of no use, since his life was in safety, and he put it carelessly into his pocket. At this instant his name was called. He went out at the summons, when to his astonishment he found himself tied to a chain, with others who were to be led to the guillotine. Astonished, almost stupified, scarcely knowing whether he really were to die, or whether it was only a frightful dream, he marched forwards. At length he was roused by perceiving the address, which had dropt from his pocket, at his feet. One of the gens-d'armes who accompanied the prisoners, picked it up. "Ah," said Laurensen, "'tis a paper I have just received; if my judges could but see it, I should be saved." The soldier immediately quitted the escort, and darting away like lightning, hastened to the tribunal, presented the address, and received an order for the prisoner to be

released if his fate had not already been consummated. He flew back to the scaffold. Laurensen was yet alive; another moment, and he had been lost; forty persons were that day to be guillotined; thirty-nine had already fallen. Laurensen was the last, and he was already bound to the plank. Panting for breath, the soldier arrived, and called on the executioner to stop. He produced the mandate from the judges for the release of the prisoner; the officer attending read it, and ordered Laurensen to be released. He was unbound from the plank, but was found to be in a swoon, senseless and motionless. He was carried to the Hotel de Ville, where he was three times bled before he shewed any signs of recovery; at length he opened his eyes, but they were wild and haggard; life re-appeared, but his reason was entirely gone. He saw nothing but the last horrible objects which had been presented to him. "Where is my head?" cried he; "is it not upon the ground? let them give it me back! let them give it me back! See you not that blood how it smokes? it runs down in a stream; it runs over my shoes. See there that gulf heaped with bloody corpses! O save me! save me! I fall, I fall into it!" His wanderings excited at once compassion and horror; and he was carried to an hospital, there to be properly attended till his reason should return.



## RECENT DISASTROUS ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MONT BLANC.

(Extracted from the New Monthly Magazine.)

**A**BOUT the middle of last August I arrived at Geneva, accompanied by my friend H—. I had, before leaving England, set my heart upon ascending Mont Blanc, and found no difficulty in prevailing on my companion, who had already made the tour of the greater part of Switzerland, to accompany me. Our party consisted of four persons. Our new acquaintances were Le Chevalier Hamel, a Russian, then employed by the Emperor in making some philosophical observations in the neighbourhood, and M. Sellique, an optician of Geneva, and native of Paris, a man of considerable attainments in various branches of natural philosophy. His grand object in accompanying us was to make trial of a new barometer, of his own construction, in measuring the height of Mont Blanc. Dr. Hamel had already made, ten days before, an unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit by a different route, being the same which Saussure attempted in 1795 with no better success.

We reached St. Martin, the place for which we had engaged our calèche, at one o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and having engaged two sharabands\* for the journey through the valley, we arrived at Chamounix at two o'clock in the afternoon. We walked nearly seven miles before we were overtaken by our party with the sharabands, and took the opportunity of visiting a beautiful fall of water, at a short distance on our left, which amply repaid us for the fatigue. From this spot the road becomes the most romantic that can be conceived; and when our companions overtook us, they found us reposing on the green margin of a small transparent lake, surrounded by a group of beautiful peasant-girls and boys, who were pressing upon us

beakers of a most delicious water, drawn from a fountain at some short distance.

On our arrival at Chamounix, after a good deal of bargaining, which we were glad to leave to Dr. Hamel, we finally agreed with twelve guides, who were to receive forty-eight francs apiece: the choice of the ten others was left to the two leaders, who appointed them all to muster in marching order at four o'clock the following morning. We found a large and genteel party at the table d'hôte, and many jokes were interchanged about making our wills, which we afterwards reflected upon with very different feelings.

At length, the long-expected morn arrived: at four o'clock we were summoned from our beds, where we had not enjoyed much sleep, and about five we all set off on foot, making with the twelve guides a party of sixteen. These latter were each furnished with a knapsack pretty well loaded, in which were placed provisions for three days for the whole party, mathematical instruments, additional clothing for ourselves, four blankets, and a variety of other things, among which were a carrier pigeon from Bonneville, to convey to that place the earliest tidings of our arrival on the summit, and a live fowl destined to be cooked at the same height. We had also with us some rockets and Bengal-lights, which we had promised the ladies below to exhibit from our halting-place for the night. This was to be the summit of a rock called by the guides Le Grand Mulet, which is a very conspicuous object from the hotel. After returning on the road to St. Martin for nearly a league, we began the ascent in a wood which skirts the mountain for some distance. But previous to this we stopped for a few minutes at the cottage of Joseph Marie Couttet, which is

\* Sharaband is the name for a very low narrow car on four wheels, drawn by one or more mules, which is the only kind of vehicle in use in the valley. Indeed the road, if it may be called one, is frequently so rugged as to oblige the traveller to descend, which he may do with a single step, and support his carriage with the hand.



at the base of the mountain, to provide ourselves with spiked-poles, &c. Our caravan now assumed a most romantic appearance; the costume of the guides, each with a French knapsack, being decidedly military. It reminded me strongly of a party of Guerillas in the Pyrenees, where uniformity either in dress or appointment was considered as an unnecessary refinement. We had each a large straw hat tied under the chin, and a spiked-pole, about 8 feet long, in our hands. Besides this, our shoes were furnished with short spikes at the heels to assist us in the descent. We were clothed as lightly as possible, that the motion of our limbs might not be impeded.

The ascent, at first, is so far from being laborious, that the guides were constantly obliged to repress our ardour, and compelled us to halt every ten minutes, lest we should not husband our strength sufficiently. In about 2 hours, we reached the last human abode, being a *chalêt* or summer-cottage, inhabited by François Favret, who had been one of Saussure's guides, and whose son was in our party. A few minutes before, one of our guides pointed out to us Mademoiselle Favret, reclining fearlessly and singing on a precipice where her goats were feeding. The veteran-mountaineer, Favret, accompanied us about three hours higher up to the edge of the glacier, to carry his son's knapsack, and then followed us with his eyes till we disappeared in one of the awful fissures, with which it is every where intersected. He was accompanied by his dog, over whom no one but his master seemed to possess the least influence, being as wild in appearance as the goats, which he amused himself occasionally with pursuing.

Since our departure from the *chalêt*, we had been ascending, in a zig-zag direction, towards the Aiguille du Midi, a mountain to the left of Mont Blanc, and which, for a long time, appears to rival it in height. We had left the wood behind us just before we reached the *chalêt*, and the ascent was now considerably steeper. We trod for some time a very precarious path along the brink of an awfully deep

and precipitous ravine, where I occasionally felt some tendency to dizziness. This feeling, however, I concealed so successfully, that I believe neither the guides nor my companions had any suspicion of it; and, by following Saussure's advice, in the published account of his ascent, and fixing my eyes steadfastly upon the precipice, I gradually accustomed myself to the view, and was soon enabled to pursue my path with the greatest confidence. This was a very necessary preparatory discipline, to fit us for the infinitely more formidable passage of the glacier, during the whole of which I was perfectly cool and collected. By the time we reached the Pierre de l'échelle, a large round stone, where we halted for breakfast, on the edge of the glacier, I felt quite at home, and resigned myself completely to the delightful sensations, which our situation inspired.

In a cavern below this rock, our guides found a ladder, which they had left there the year before, and which they employ in the passage of the glacier de Bo-sons, now close before us. It was about half-past nine when we reached this resting-place, and we felt disposed to do justice to a couple of cold fowls, which were produced from the knapsack of one of the guides. These were soon despatched, together with a bottle of light French wine, and in twenty-five minutes we resumed our march. The baggage was adjusted afresh; one of the guides had charge of the ladder, and another carried a load of straw, which we had procured at the *chalêt*, and which was destined to furnish our bed for the night. The view became now more and more sublime; we had left far beneath us all human abodes, and were now in regions where no animal but the chamois could tread securely. We had a distinct view of the summit of the mountain, though the Aiguille du Midi, from the base of which we were now diverging towards the right, still appeared to equal it in height. Our steps had been long encumbered by fragments of this latter mountain, rent probably by lightning from its summit. Behind us, at a great depth, lay the valley of Chamounix



and the village of the Prieure, the white walls of the hotel where we slept making it a very conspicuous object. Before us was the "monarch of mountains," apparently inaccessible; for the glacier de Bossons, which lay immediately in our path, seemed an insurmountable barrier; and the ascent on the other side was so precipitous, as to be, in parts, almost perpendicular. Our spirits, however, were now elevated to such a pitch, by the pure air, which we had inhaled since we left the chalet and emerged from the wood, that we felt equal to any thing; and if a thought of the danger of the enterprise crossed the mind, it was only to give an additional zest to the proud consciousness of having a heart that could brave it.

Five minutes march from the Pierre de l'échelle brought us to the edge of the glacier de Bossons, and we entered immediately on a track, which baffles all description. The Mer de Glace, which has been compared to a sea suddenly congealed in the midst of a storm, cannot, our guides assured us, enter into competition with it. The fissures are so frequent, so wide, so deep, the different views, varying every instant, which the scenery presents, are so awful, so fantastic, that no adequate idea of them can be presented to the mind by the most eloquent pen. At one time, the traveller finds himself denied apparently all further progress by an immense precipitous tower of ice: this is surmounted by a staircase of notches, which one of the guides cut in the ice with a hatchet, which he carries for that purpose. Then he must descend into an awful chasm, from which he must emerge in the same manner. Again he meets with fissures, called by the guides *crevasses*, of unknown depth, which are crossed by laying the ladder over them, and passing on all fours. If the crevasse be too wide for the length of the ladder, the traveller must descend down one side, and re-ascend the opposite one, which is the most formidable method of all. On one or two occasions when we came to crevasses of this description, we were obliged to

descend by the ladder upon a wall of ice, not above a foot in breadth, which divided the crevasse longitudinally. This would not hold above one or two at a time, so that the first party were forced to mount the opposite brink, before the second party descended; and the ladder was thus passed backwards and forwards, until all had crossed, one of the guides remaining all the time stationary on the wall to move the ladder. Here the least giddiness would probably have been fatal, but happily we were by this time so well broken in, that we contemplated the blue gulfs on each side with tolerable composure. Excess of caution, indeed, in these cases, defeats its own purpose. The body must be left, so to speak, to find its own equilibrium, and recourse should rarely be had to the pole for support. I have found, by experience, that the grand use of the pole is in restoring the balance. The spikes in the shoes will render the footing pretty secure, and the motion of the limbs must not be cramped, or the body bent, which is an attitude one is very apt to fall into, and which is sure to destroy the balance.

During the first part of the passage of the glacier, we were exposed to the fall of some globular masses of ice, which, from the velocity with which they whizzed past us, must have come from a considerable height. One of the guides, however, stood sentry on an elevated post, to advertise us of their approach, and we evaded several by availing ourselves of his warning. In several places, bridges of snow, of very different degrees of strength, are formed across the crevasses. These the guides reconnoitre with the utmost caution, before they trust the weight of their bodies upon them. On one occasion, Pierre Carrier, one of the guides, who was in the front, came to a bridge of this description, which his experience convinced him was not to be trusted. Dr. Hamel was impatient, and offered to shew him the way over, for, to our eyes, there seemed to be no danger; but our guide persisted in his opinion, and obliged us to return some



distance to find another method of passing over the crevasse. In about ten minutes, we arrived at a spot considerably lower, from whence we could see the bridge in profile; and we then saw that his suspicions were well-founded, the farther side of the bridge not being above six inches thick; so that had we persisted, one or two of the party must have fallen through. I mention this as an instance of the extreme caution of the guides, where there is any real danger, and to prove the falsehood of a charge, which was afterwards brought against us, of having forced the guides to proceed contrary to their better judgment.

In about three hours, we reached the farther side of the glacier, a distance of somewhat less than a mile, in horizontal distance. The sun was now very hot, and we were glad to repose for a few minutes beneath the shade of a huge mass of snow, and refresh ourselves with some of the delicious water, which the traveller finds, at every turn, in his passage over the glacier. One or two of our party feeling some apprehension from the impending mass, which was considerably out of the perpendicular, we soon resumed our march. A few hours after, this mass of snow fell over the spot where we had been reposing, and formed a bridge over a large chasm, which had cost us nearly half an hour to cross, and which, on our return, was hardly the work of a minute. We now ascended several slopes of snow of different elevations, from thirty to sixty degrees, in a zig-zag direction. I think this method of proceeding brought the danger more home to my mind than any other. The surface being quite hard, the guides were obliged to cut notches for our steps, and these being very irregular, the difficulty of maintaining the balance was much increased: a single false step might have been fatal, and the view of the immense distance we must in that case inevitably fall, tended to unnerve the mind. From the excessive slowness of our progress, we had ample time to contemplate the awful depths below, for we were obliged to pause perpetually, while the guides

were making the steps. After proceeding in this way for about an hour, we arrived, by a very steep slope, at the base of the Grand Mulet, a name given to a ridge of rocks, or rather a single rock, which rises almost perpendicularly to a great height, out of the eternal snow which surrounds it on all sides, and which is, from the nature of its construction, generally bare of snow itself. In ascending this ridge, we had a new species of danger to contend with. Our steps were all upon loose fragments of the rock, which was schistous. These occasionally gave way beneath our tread, and fell, with a tremendous noise, into the depths below. Owing, however, to the caution of our excellent guides, who perpetually warned us against *suspicious* stones, we surmounted this perilous ascent without any accident. Once or twice, indeed, a few stones from above alarmed us by whizzing past us, but some one of the guides being constantly on the look out, advertized us in time of the danger, which we evaded by crouching down in some of the hollows. On the whole, we found the ascent of this rock less formidable than we had anticipated from its first appearance; for though we occasionally had to climb round projecting points, where we seemed to be suspended in mid air, yet, for the most part, a false step would have only carried us down to some shelf a few feet lower, which would have received us. I must except, however, the last twenty or thirty yards, which lay over a ridge exactly like Striden-edge on Helvellyn, from which we had a view of a precipice on each side of the most awful depth, and with very precarious footing; for here the guides could not make the usual notches, from the hardness of the rock.

At half-past four we reached the summit of the ridge, where we were to pass the night; having been about eleven hours and a half walking and climbing, almost without intermission.

Our guides soon constructed for us a kind of tent. Being lodged on a sort of shelf on the western side of the ridge, and about ten feet below its summit, we sloped the ladder and a few of our



walking-poles against the perpendicular rock, the lower ends resting on a low barrier, partly artificial and partly natural, which raised itself between our couch, and a frightful precipice. The width of this ledge was hardly five feet, so that we preferred arranging ourselves longitudinally. Some canvass was stretched over the poles, the straw was spread on the ground, and the blankets upon it, and thus we prepared to pass a very comfortable night; but scarcely had we got under cover than it began to rain, and in about an hour we had a violent thunderstorm, which continued, with but little intermission, during the whole night. This made us congratulate ourselves that we had been over-ruled by the guides to halt here for the night; for Dr. Hamel, fearful lest, by the present arrangement, he should not have sufficient time on the summit for his experiments, had proposed our mounting still higher. The guides expressed great reluctance to leave the Grand Mulet, telling us, that higher up there was no shelter for us against the avalanches, which might fall during the night, and thus induced us to remain. After all our labour for so many hours, we did not feel much fatigued, which we attributed to the bracing air of the mountain. The storm preventing us from making the promised display of fire works to the ladies below, we were obliged to content ourselves with drinking their healths in some excellent Burgundy; but we found one bottle of this heat us so much, that we did not venture upon any more without first diluting it with water. The novelty of our situation, and our great flow of spirits, occasioned partly, no doubt, by the Burgundy, left us little inclination for sleep for some hours. These were spent in listening alternately to the peals of thunder, which seemed to hover round us, and the roaring avalanches, now near, now more remote. The more practised ear of the guides distinguished readily between these sounds, which we were perpetually confounding. From an experiment, which Dr. Hamel made with his electrometer, he found all the surrounding atmosphere so highly charged with the elec-

tric fluid, that he was glad to withdraw it instantly within the canvass. All this time, our tent was every now and then lit up by the vivid flashes of the lightning, and as often left in the deepest gloom. At length, we ceased even to watch this interesting spectacle, and gradually dropped asleep, with the comfortable conviction, that we need not leave our beds at a very early period, since it must be some hours at least before the snow would be fit to support our weight. The prospect in the morning was dreary enough; a thick fog shrouding from our view all the neighbouring heights, as well as every thing below us. Our situation resembled that of some shipwrecked mariners, whom the morning finds sheltered on some precipitous rock in the midst of the sea. After a few minutes spent in contemplating our position, and speculating on the chances of extricating ourselves from it, we all agreed in postponing the discussion till after breakfast, for which we now felt a strong appetite. Having kindled our charcoal, and boiled some portable soup, which reminded me strongly of melted glue, though on that occasion we all rated it to be excellent, and despatched two more of the roasted fowls, we felt quite recruited, and ready for any attempt except that of returning, at the very thought of which our spirits revolted. The way was now equally dangerous to advance or retreat; or rather the latter, on examination, was found impossible; and it was soon too late to proceed upwards, since it is absolutely necessary to return to the same rock to sleep, so that at length, we made up our minds to pass another night in our present *bivouac*. It was long before we could acquiesce in the necessity of spending the whole day on the summit of the Grand Mulet. The space allotted us was so confined, and the arrangement of our shelter so inconvenient, having barely room enough to sit upright, that we were prepared to encounter any difficulty, rather than continue in our present situation. Four of the guides, including our two leaders, slept under the same canvass with ourselves; the remaining eight, disposing themselves in



clefs of the rock, the apertures to which they blocked up with stones, were posted at different intervals below us. During the morning, being desirous of stretching my limbs, and practising a little climbing about the rock, I paid them all a visit, and conversed with them on the state of the weather, and the possibility of advancing to a point higher up against the approach of night. This was strongly objected to by them all, for the reasons above specified. On regaining our own elevated post, I felt quite exhausted for a short interval, which I referred to the weakness arising from the exertions of the day before, but the guides assured me it proceeded entirely from the rarity of the atmosphere, and had been experienced by a party of themselves, whom we had sent a short distance downwards in search of water. Soon afterwards, I saw Pierre Carrier set off by himself, in the direction of our ascent, to examine the state of the snow. We followed him with our eyes for above half a mile, as he proceeded, very laboriously, up to his knees at every step; and thus received a palpable proof of the impossibility of proceeding further, which was confirmed by his own statement on his return. We had all received abundant proof of the intrepidity and address of this man during the ascent of the preceding day. During the passage of the glacier, he was the oracle of the party, being generally one hundred yards in advance to explore the way, and carrying the hatchet to make the steps. Oftentimes, we discovered him standing, with the greatest apparent unconcern, on some elevated point of ice, from which he made his *reconnaissance*, and directed us accordingly by a motion of his hand. On ordinary occasions, he frequently suffered others to take the lead; but I observed that, on every

occasion of perplexity, he found himself at the head of the party; and while others, and especially poor Pierre Balmat, were eloquent in recommending this or that passage, a single word or wave of the hand from Carrier settled the point at once. This man was by trade a blacksmith, and did not exercise the profession of guide on common occasions, but always accompanied travellers in the ascent of Mont Blanc. He had already made the ascent eleven times; having been several times with one or two other guides, merely for the sake of exploring the passage. Alas! this was destined to be his last attempt: but I must not anticipate.

Shortly after our arrival on the Grand Mulet, we put on our additional clothing, and dried our shoes and stockings, which were completely saturated with moisture, from our long march over the snow. In consequence of these precautions, we did not suffer much from cold during the whole of our stay; for at night the canvass being closed, and eight persons crowded into a very small compass, we felt comfortable enough. Our amusements, during the day of our compelled halt, were very similar to those of a picquet on an outpost, which commands a view of the enemy's camp; for the greater part of the time was spent in looking through an excellent telescope belonging to M. Sellique, and in reconnoitring the ground below. From our elevated post, we saw distinctly the windows of our hotel at the Prieuré, and sometimes fancied we discovered some one there watching us in a similar manner. Sometimes, we lounged over a pamphlet of Saussure's\* ascent, from which we gathered that he had taken a day and a half to arrive at our present situation, accompanied by eighteen guides.

(To be continued.)

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\* As this name has already occurred more than once, it will be proper to inform the reader, that he was a gentleman of Geneva, who, in August 1787, succeeded in reaching the summit of Mount Blanc. This was the year following the first ascent, made by Dr. Paccard. Since that time, there have been five or six successful attempts, amidst a great number of failures. During the course of thirty-three years, no fatal accident has ever occurred; two accidents only are mentioned, from both of which the sufferers recovered.



(European Magazine.)

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE,  
OR, THE SPANISH ROGUE.

*Translated from Le Sage. By John Henry Brady.*

WE congratulate the public upon the addition which Mr. Brady has made to their literary amusements, and we are delighted to see our old friend Guzman in a modern dress. This is one of the most amusing books we know; it is written in so agreeable and cheerful a tone, and in so engaging a manner, that it almost makes one in love with roguery, furnishes excuses for thieving, and excites pity for petty-larcenies. It is one of the earliest novels of its class, and appeared shortly after the celebrated *Lazarillo de Tormes*, to which it is greatly superior in point of style and thought, though it does not equal it in originality and ludicrous situations; it rather creates amusement than laughter, and is more witty than humorous.

We must beg leave to differ with the translator in the opinion which he expresses of the excellence of M. Le Sage's edition, and from which his own translation has been made. We prefer the elder impressions; those which contain the delightful moral reflections, full of energetic satire, the very marrow, as we think, of the book,—those parts in which the power of the author's mind is seen through the travestimento which he assumes in the progress of his narration,—and which like the introductory chapters to each book of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, are worth all the rest. Le Sage was compelled in his translation to adapt himself to the taste of the public, and he had no more the uncontrolled exercise of his own good taste in this instance, than he had in the composition of the absurd pantomimes which he wrote with d'Orneval for the *Theatre de la St. Laurent*. The consequence of this was the castrated and inferior edition now so common, and from which Mr. Brady has executed his present translation. However we disapprove of this, we bear testimony to the fidelity and spirit with which this gentleman has discharged his task,—

and in the opinion we have before expressed, we must be understood as speaking only of the intrinsic merits of the parts which are wanting, and not of the degree of encouragement which the public would be likely to give to the work in any other shape.

The translator has preserved the simplicity as well as the spirit of his original, and has achieved the great difficulty of avoiding any thing like coarseness in the relation of things which are necessarily, and of their nature vulgar; in this instance, as in many others, he has satisfactorily shewn that he has caught and felt the very spirit of his author. It has been said of this work that it is an inferior *Gil Blas*; this is a harsh sentence and has been passed we think rather hastily. The comparison is not fair, for it should be remembered that without the benefit of Guzman's example our good friend of Santillane would probably have never seen the light. The Italians prefer Guarini's *Pastoral* to that of Tasso, although it is confessed that the former is indebted to the latter for the very charms, which have conferred its superiority. The trite objection to works of this nature has been, that vice is rendered too alluring; but until it can be proved that no good is derived from the exposure of crime and absurdity, and, as in the instance of the work before us, the consequent misery and inconvenience which are produced by them, we must be allowed to applaud a species of writing which has been dignified by the most acute, and not the least virtuous of those authors, whom we venerate as the honour and ornament of our race.

Guzman is descended of a rather equivocal stock; his fathers, for he is so fortunate as to have two, die, his mother is reduced, and he resolves to seek his fortune; he elopes from his home at Seville, and travels in company with a muleteer, to Cazalla.



"Behold me now, friendly reader, in the best inn at Cazalla, twelve leagues from Seville; where the money I had left was sufficient to pay for a good supper and a good bed to lie down on. Instead, however, of enjoying a profound sleep, which such excellent fare was calculated to procure me, the state of my affairs presented itself to my imagination with a thousand distressing thoughts, and prevented me from sleeping a wink the whole of the night. Hitherto, said I to myself, I have always had plenty to eat and drink. But this will now soon be over; when a man has bread to eat he may support himself under any affliction. 'Tis well to have a father. 'Tis well to have a mother; but nothing is to be compared to a good bellyful.

"Necessity with her heretic visage now stared me full in the face, and occasioned the most terrible apprehensions in my mind; I would gladly have returned to Seville, had I not considered that money was quite as necessary to repair my folly, as to pursue my fortune. I could compare myself to nothing but some half-starved cur, who having lost his way, finds himself surrounded by a number of larger dogs barking and growling at him on all sides: in addition to this, how could I, without shame, return to my mother's house after having left it with so much resolution. \* \* \* \* This last consideration was sufficient to determine me not to return to Seville, in addition to which I was not less concerned that I must stop when I was in so fair a way. A point of honour then seized me, and I resolved to continue my journey, abandoning myself to Providence. I took the direct road to Madrid, the ordinary residence of our Kings, hoping to see something of the court, which I had been told was most brilliant, from the great number of noblemen that composed it, and above all from the presence of a young King newly married."

Hunger reduced him to become an innkeeper's servant, for a short time, yet ambition "pricks him on" to Madrid, where he takes up the trade of a beg-

gar, and afterwards assistant to the cook of a nobleman. In this office he exercises his talent for thievery, in common with all the other persons of the establishment, but not with equal success.

"For my own part, being but a small sparrow-hawk, I waited patiently until the kites and other larger birds of prey had their talons full; in the meantime, however, my hands itched so immoderately, that I could not refrain from dipping into a basket of eggs, and slipped half a dozen of them into my pocket.

"Ill luck still pursued me; my master saw me; and wishing to establish the reputation of an honest man and zealous servant at my expense, in the presence of so many of the house servants, he came up to me with a savage countenance, and gave me such a kick, that he lay me sprawling on the ground, and as I happened to fall on that side where I had the pocketful of eggs, they all broke and made an omelet which ran down my thighs, to the great amusement of the company present, with the exception of my master, who still looked very serious, and adding menaces and reproaches to insult, told me, that he would teach me to steal in so great a lord's house. I was so enraged at the behaviour of this rascally cook towards me, that it was with great difficulty I refrained from answering, that nobody, indeed, could teach me better than himself; and that those eggs, for which he had chastised me, were laid by the fowls he had ordered me to carry home to his house the night before; but I held my tongue and thereby escaped any further kicking, with which so laconic an answer would certainly have been rewarded. Take lesson from my behaviour on this occasion, reader, if you happen to be so fortunate as to recollect it, when you feel desirous to show your wit by some satirical speech which may be of ill consequence to you in your future well-fare."

Another unlucky accident causes him to quit his master, and he becomes a beggar, once more, a thief he is by



constitution. He goes on duping and being duped for some time, when, being servant to an officer, he plays off one of his most barefaced rogueries upon a jeweller of Barcelona.

The officer is in want of money, and is about to part with a valuable reliquary. Guzman dissuades him, promising to procure him the cash without so disagreeable an expedient. He tells the story thus :

"I went to the first jeweller's I could meet, who, fortunately for me was well known in the city as a noted usurer. I asked him if he was inclined to purchase a fine Reliquary ; I shewed it him, and could easily perceive that he liked it very well, although he pretended not to think much of it.

"He looked at it on all sides, and after having examined it minutely, asked me what I would have for it. I told him two hundred crowns ; and though that was not half its value, the old usurer pretended to be quite astonished at such a price, and began to tell me that the gold was by no means of the finest quality. Besides which he found great fault with the workmanship, as well as with the diamonds : nevertheless, he offered me one half, and I was surprised in my turn. That will not do, cried I : you take advantage of my situation ; but distressed as I am for money, I declare that you shall not have it for less than a hundred and fifty crowns.

"He still continued to make so many objections, that I was at last contented to conclude the bargain at a hundred and twenty, and he requested me to accompany him to his shop to receive the money. This I refused, telling him that I expected a person to meet me on the quay, and, therefore, could not leave it ; that if he would return home and procure the sum agreed on, he would find me again in the same place. The jeweller, finding that I could not be prevailed on to accompany him, and being apprehensive that the person whom I expected might be another jeweller, whom I had appointed to meet on the same subject, ran home with great haste, lest he should be deprived of his bargain before his return.

"The old rogue soon returned to me again quite out of breath, bringing with him in a small bag the hundred and twenty crowns, which he counted into my hand. I requested the bag of him in which I put the money, and offered him in exchange the purse that the Reliquary was kept in ; but affecting to find great difficulty in untying the strings, which I had purposely well fastened, I snatched, as though from impatience, a knife which I observed in a sheath at his girdle, and cut them asunder. Although this action seemed to surprise him a little, he was so far from guessing the cause that he departed and walked towards home, well satisfied with his purchase, and very far from suspecting the snare that I had laid for him.

"After having allowed him to proceed a few steps, I beckoned to one of my comrades, as great a rogue as myself, whom I had stationed near at hand so as to be ready when called for, and desired him to carry the crowns to our captain : then I ran as fast as I could after my jeweller, for I had not lost sight of him, and overtook him at a part where the roads met, where there happened to be some soldiers assembled, to whom I pointed him out, crying aloud, stop thief, fellow soldiers, stop thief ! for God's sake stop that old rascal there, who has just robbed me, let him not escape ! The soldiers, some of whom belonged to our own company, stopped the poor jeweller immediately, asking him how he had given me cause to complain thus of him. He was at first so bewildered with fear and astonishment, that he had not the power of uttering a word. Had he spoken, however, it would not have availed him, for his voice would have been drowned by that of his accuser ; nobody was to be heard but myself, who kept up a continued roar ; and to make more impression on the soldiers, I fell down on my knees before them, and forcing some tears into my eyes, implored their assistance.

"Gentlemen, said I, you see before you in that old rogue one of the greatest hypocrites in Spain ; I chanced just now to be standing by him on the quay,



where he remarked that I had a purse in my bosom, and asked me what was in it? a Reliquary, answered I, which my master the captain accidentally left at the bed's head this morning, and that I have taken care of to give it to him again; upon this, the old rascal whom you have secured, requesting me in a civil manner to shew it to him, telling me that he was a goldsmith and was curious in jewels. I satisfied his curiosity, and he asked me if I would dispose of this Reliquary. That cannot be, said I, for it is my master's; at the same time I replaced it in my purse which was tied to my button: whereupon my thief, while he amused me with words, drew forth a knife which he had in a sheath at his girdle, and suddenly cut the strings, the ends of which are still to be seen. Take the trouble, gentlemen of searching him, I beg of you, added I, and you will find the purse containing the jewel somewhere about his person, for I have followed him so closely, that he has not had an opportunity of otherwise disposing of it.

"The soldiers instantly began to search him; they drew forth the purse containing the Reliquary from his bosom where he had placed it, and perceiving that the strings had really been cut, they no longer doubted the goldsmith's guilt: in vain did he protest and swear that I had sold it him; they would not believe him, it being so extremely improbable that an old and experienced jeweller could consent to purchase so rich a Reliquary of a young soldier, without suspecting that it must have been stolen. Once more, cried the accused, I assure you that I paid this young man for the Reliquary a hundred and twenty crowns in gold which I reckoned into his hand, and which he must now have about him: you have only to search him also to find these gold coins which I paid him only a few minutes since. The soldiers, to satisfy him, rummaged my pockets out; and finding no money about me, they began to revile him most unmercifully and even to beat him. Nevertheless, as he insisted on

being conducted to a judge, they carried us both before one.

"Here I related my case in the same manner as I had reported it to the soldiers, who, upon being interrogated by the judge, said more than sufficient to convince him that the jeweller had really seized this Reliquary from me by force; in addition to which, this citizen being so well known as a covetous man, who would not scruple at a trifle, they were the more disposed to think him guilty. The magistrate, however, out of consideration for his family, which consisted of some of the first persons in the city, was content to reprimand him severely, and delivered the jewel into my hands again, desiring me to carry it to my master, which I did immediately."

Dismissed by his master, who is alarmed at the exercise of his talents, Guzman resolves to go to Genoa to visit his father's relations. He arrives there ragged and starving, and is repulsed by them with the utmost contempt. One of them, a cunning old man, resolves to get rid of this troublesome poor cousin, and he accomplishes it in the following manner.

"One evening I met a venerable looking old man, who accosted me in a polite and insinuating manner: my son, said he, is it not you who have reason to complain of certain titled personages who have not chosen to acknowledge you for one of their noble blood? I answered in the affirmative, and told him who was my father. I recollect him well, replied the old man, and there are certainly in this city several of the principal nobles who are his relations. I can even introduce you to a banker who must have been a most intimate friend of your father's, and who to-morrow, for it is too late to-day, will, I doubt not, be happy to satisfy you in every particular concerning your family. In the mean time, continued he, come and take up your lodging at my house: I feel quite indignant at the behaviour of your cousins towards you, who ought rather to have received you with the greatest affection: but follow me, and be assured that the banker will



put it in your power to be fully avenged of them for their hard-heartedness.

"I accepted the old man's offer of a lodging in his house by returning thanks to heaven for so fortunate a rencounter. His appearance was such that I did not in the least mistrust him. He had a good natured serious air, his bald head and white beard rendering his appearance truly venerable; he walked with a staff, and wore a long robe; in fact, I looked upon him as another St. Paul. When we arrived at his house, which appeared to me like a magnificent hotel, a servant came to meet him to take off his long robe: but the old gentleman from an excess of politeness would not part with it, but sent the servant away, after having communicated something to him in Italian, which was so much Hebrew to me. He then conducted me into a large parlour, where we conversed concerning the affairs of Spain for above an hour, and from them proceeded insensibly to those of our own family, respecting which he seemed extremely curious, questioning me more particularly concerning my mother; and I answered him in the most cautious manner. This discourse was beginning to grow tedious, when the servant returned; they had another short conversation together in Italian, which I understood no better than the former. But immediately afterwards, the good old man addressed himself to me in Spanish: I suppose, said he, you have of course supped, you must be weary and it is time to be a bed. We shall meet again in the morning. Then turning to his servant: Antonia Maria, continued he, shew this gentleman to the finest chamber in the house.

"I had much more inclination to eat than to sleep, for I was literally half dying with hunger; having unfortunately dined very sparingly at my inn that day, for my pistole was just at an end. That I might not, however, presume upon the goodness of an host who seemed so disposed to be of service to me, I followed his servant as if I had a good bellyful, and was carried through an enfildade of seven or eight rooms paved with alabaster, each vying

with the others in magnificence. From thence we entered a gallery which led into a fine chamber, in which there was a very rich bed with superb tapestry. You see your chamber, said Antonia Maria, and the bed that is destined for you; none are allowed to sleep here, but princes and some few of my master's nearest relatives.

"After having allowed me to admire the richness of the furniture for a while, this servant offered to undress me, but I declined his assistance for very good reasons; my ragged shirt was by no means in a state to be exhibited; and in addition to this, the rest of my clothes were now of so very fine a texture, that they required a hand more interested in their welfare than his was, to take them off delicately. Either through malice, however, or that he thought I declined his good natured offer merely from politeness, he returned to the charge, and seeming determined to assist me in spite of my teeth, he caught hold of me and drew off one of my sleeves so suddenly, that had I not prevented him with my other hand, he would undoubtedly have torn it to pieces. I then entreated him in a peevish tone to leave me to my rest, and he prevented my further anger by desisting as I desired. I retired to the side of the bed, threw off my rags which were held together only by a few laces, and jumped into bed, the sheets of which were clean and completely perfumed. This done, I told the servant he might take away the candle. I am not so inconsiderate, replied he: it would be the means of causing you to pass a very uneasy night, for it is very common for large bats, which are very numerous in this country, to conceal themselves in chambers with so lofty a ceiling, and you will be much disturbed by them if you remain without light. Add to this, continued he, there are certain evil spirits that frequent the principal houses in this city, by whom you will infallibly be tormented, if you neglect to keep lighted candles in the room, the brightness of which, it is said, they are afraid of. He told me all this tale with an ingenuous air, and I



listened to him with all the credulity of an infant, instead of mistrusting this Antonio Maria, whose knavish countenance ought to have been sufficient to have excited my suspicions.

"No sooner had he left the chamber, than I got out of bed and bolted the door, less from fear of being robbed, than in the hope of thus securing myself from the persecution of the aforesaid spirits. Considering myself then in perfect safety, I lay down again, and reflected on the benevolence of my venerable landlord. So far from suspecting him of any bad design, which, had I possessed a little more experience, I should not have failed to have done, I represented to myself that he could be no other than one of my nearest relatives, who had not chosen to make himself known to me over night, that he might surprise me the more agreeably in the morning. I would lay a good wager, said I to myself, that when I wake to-morrow morning, I shall find a tailor in waiting to take measure of me for a fine suit of clothes. I may rest assured that in future I shall never want for any thing, and that I have not lost my labour in coming to Italy. Flattered by these agreeable thoughts, my senses were beguiled by degrees into most profound sleep.

"Although Antonio Maria had told me that the evil spirits were so averse to light, my candles did not secure me from the persecutions of four figures in the shape of so many devils who entered my chamber. It was some time before I heard the noise created by these demons; but as it was very far from their intention to respect my repose, they advanced towards the bed, drew the curtains, two of them seized me by the arms, and the other two by the legs, and dragged me out of bed. At length I awoke; and finding myself thus dangling in the air in the clutches of four devils, I was so terribly frightened, that I was more dead than alive. They were each habited exactly as the devil is represented; huge long tails, frightful vizards, and horns on their heads. I had just sufficient sense remaining in me to invoke the assistance of some saints, whose names

occurred to me at the moment. But had I offered up some prayers they would have been equally unavailing. These apparitions were not to be driven from their purpose; exorcisms even would have been useless, for the devils that I had to deal with had been baptized. They placed me in one of my blankets, and each taking a corner began to toss me in the air with such violence, that they threw me to the ceiling at every toss, against which I expected every moment that either my head or one of my arms would have been broken. But they contented themselves with only bruising me, though they did not cease to make me vault in this manner until they were completely fatigued, or rather until their noses informed them that my fear grew laxitive. They then placed me in bed again, covered me over as they found me, extinguished the light, and vanished the same way as they had entered.

"In this pitiable condition I remained until day-break; and with the most dreadful sensation of fear still on my mind, I made an effort to get up with the intention of hastening as quickly as possible out of a house where the duties of hospitality had been so scurvily fulfilled. But I could not rise, or dress myself without the greatest difficulty and pain, the cause of which I could not remember without bestowing a thousand curses on the old rascal who had caused me to be thus cruelly treated. He no longer seemed to me that personage so worthy of veneration, no longer that benevolent character, the meeting with whom had so much delighted me, but an old sorcerer, destined to be damned from the creation of the world.

"Before I quitted the chamber, I was curious to know how these malignant spirits could have entered it. I first examined the door, and finding it still bolted as I had left it before I fell asleep, I could not reasonably imagine that they had found their way to me by that means. But having lifted up the hanging, I perceived a large window covered by them, which opened into the gallery. This was still open, the apparitions not having taken the trouble to



close it after them. I made not the least noise, lest there should be something still in reserve for me, and thought of nothing but how to extricate myself from this cursed place. I had already left the room with this view, when I met Antonio Maria in the gallery, who informed me that his master was waiting for me at the nearest church. All the answer I made was to request him to shew me to the street-door which he did with as much sang-froid as if he had not been one of the goblins who had amused themselves at my expense. I was no sooner got out of doors, than I scampered off as if I had not a bruise

about me. What wonderful strength is imparted by fear! I ran as fast as my legs would carry me."

Poor Guzman has an opportunity in the end of severely retaliating upon his Genoese relations, and upon the old gentleman in particular. He becomes subsequently servant to an Ambassador, a Gambler, Swindler, Banker, and having in the course of his adventures performed some of the most notable *tours de main*, he closes his brilliant career by being condemned to the galleys. He is afterwards released as a reward for discovering a conspiracy, and promises "to amend and live better for the future."

(Literary Gazette.)

#### ROUGE ET NOIR.

THE gently satirical production which constitutes the principal portion of this volume, leads us through the most noted gaming haunts of Paris; and while it interests by its observation of scenes, not (thank heaven!) too familiar to British minds, and amuses by its sparkling turns of epigram and humour, fails not to fulfil the much higher duty of drawing sound moral instruction from the matter of its subject.

The cantos of *Rouge et Noir* are addressed to *The Game*, *The Palais Royal*, *Frescati*, *The Saloon*, *The Sharper*, and *The Guillotine*; the latter rather disconnected from its five brethren, which might easily have been avoided by making desperate Play the cause of the catastrophe which it so affectingly paints.

The poem sets out with a comparison between Truth and Champagne, and pounces at once on the game of *Rouge et Noir*, of which

"Tis said when any told Napoleon  
That such, or such a man, had talents, or  
Whose depth of head might be depended on  
In mathematics, diplomacy, war,  
Or any thing, in short, in which he shone—  
He answered—"Can he win at *Rouge et Noir*?"  
His keen eye finishing the phrase—"if so,  
He does what no one else can do, you know."

The table, and method of playing, are next described.

The board is like a billiard table,  
Excluding cushions, side and centre pockets,  
Round which as many crush as well are able,  
With eyes like candles winking in their sockets,  
And talking, like the gentlemen of Babel,  
In various dialects—as for their talk, it's  
Not quite so loud, because they must not clamour  
Like those old worthies learning their new grammar.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, right across the centre of the table,  
'Tween these supposed divisions, is a space  
Devoted to the *dealers* (rather sable  
Because some black morocco sheets the place),  
And nothing short of leather would be able  
To stand the wear and tear, in any case:  
*There* shines the *banque*! but cease, ye *Jasons*, cease—  
They're fleec'd themselves who seek that golden  
fleece!

Mid glittering heaps of loose uncounted gold,  
Are ranged enough of packed *rouleaus*, *en masse*,  
To bribe a borough; *mille franc* notes, I am bold  
To say, would stuff a patent camp mattress;  
*Naps*, *Louis*, and *Joachims*, you behold—  
(For any head on honest coin will pass.)  
With rows of silver which you scarce could span—  
'That pale and common drudge 'tween man and man.

Four grave *conductors* at the board preside,  
Who take their seats in couples, *vis-a-vis*;  
Untouched, untroubled, whatsoe'er betide—  
And many a sight of agony they see.  
One deals the cards; the others are employed  
To pay, or pocket, as the case may be;  
Each brandishing a *rake*, which looks quite funny—  
Excepting when it claws away one's money.

This pursuit has its chief seat in the *Palais Royal*, where there are houses eternally open to all comers who have a franc in their pockets to stake:—



It is the heart of Paris, and impels  
Warm poison thro' her wanton arteries ;  
The honeycomb of vice, whose thousand cells  
Pour forth the buzzing multitude one sees :—  
Loose-trowser'd beaux, and looser-moral'd belles,  
With ancient quizzes underneath the trees  
Reading the daily journals, or conversing ;  
And, here and there, a black-eyed *Grisette* nursing.

Here new-come English ladies flock to stare  
At all the wonders with their sleepy faces :  
I'm often led to think, I do declare,  
The ugliest come, on purpose to disgrace us :  
Their clothes toss'd on with pitch-forks, as it were ;  
And *marching* more like grenadiers than graces ;  
Whilst Paris dames, who don't approve their fashion,  
Survey them with satirical compassion.

But, now and then, a form goes gliding by,  
Such as might hover round a poet's dream ;  
The cheek of rose, the large, the laughing eye,  
As blue as heaven—heaven in its beam !  
Lips that were made to smile, and make us sigh—  
And limbs—but *these* might lead me from my theme :  
In short, near such the French look sometimes sooty,  
And Britain is again my land of beauty !

And, tho' our countrymen dress well in general,  
Some naturally lead us to suppose  
(With faces that would compliment a funeral)  
They come to Paris to wear out old clothes :  
The natives might be led to think our men are all  
As shabby as themselves, to judge by those.  
Some sport outrageous fashions out of date—  
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait !

But Stultz sometimes exports a dandy over—  
Or, in more modern phrase, an *exquisite*.  
(Being delicate they always cross by Dover)  
To show us exiles how a coat should fit.  
Now don't mistake, or think I mean to cover  
This *cast* with ridicule—O far from it !  
I'm told they're lady-like and harmless creatures,  
With something of hermaphroditish features,

I like to look at them ! the cheek of cream,  
Too soft for love, or wine, or war, or mirth, to  
Disturb into expression ; eyes whose beam  
Is delicate as wax-light : voice for earth too  
Dulcet by half : such beings as 'twould seem,  
A maiden lady might have given birth to,  
Without once erring from her frigid *strada*,  
Or flirting with a soul, except her shadow.

You'll know one by its stays, screw spurs, perhaps  
A lewd-sketch'd box that music, and not snuff, fills—  
To show the diamond-finger off that taps :  
Its puny chest bulged out with vests and ruffles,  
As if 'twere furnished, like the sphinx, with paps—  
But still more like a turkey stuff'd with truffles.  
Pshaw ! 'stead of heaving sail thus rigg'd to roam,  
I wish those apes in stays would *stay* at home.

This sprightly prelude is cleverly  
contrasted with the internal view of  
one of the gambling shops.

Nay, desperate Want itself comes here to game,  
Altho' the turning of a card may be  
As death : look on him ! woman's grief were tame  
Beside that speechless stare of agony.

The vilest passions which the heart inflame  
Run riot in their brute ferocity ;  
And joy and anguish wear the ruffian dye,  
With all to wound the ear, and shock the eye,

And oft, a looker on the scene alone,  
(For, tho' you smile in doubt, 'tis not less true,)  
My heart hath quailed to hear that horrid tone,  
Half sigh,—half sob—the deep-breath'd "*Sacre*  
*Dieu !*"

Burst from a luckless wretch with eye of stone,  
Convulsive cheek, and lip of death's own hue ;  
Throbb'd as he broke away, to madness wrought,  
Perhaps—but fancy shudders at the thought !

Yet, whoso visited the *Morgue* next morn  
Had found, it might be, from the Seine's dull tide  
Already dragg'd, a sight that well might warn—  
Stretched on his back the ghastly suicide !  
His eye unclosed ; his garments, stained and torn,  
Hung from the drear and dripping wall, to guide  
Some idle glance ; perhaps, to fix upon  
The cold stark features of a sire or son !

The third canto treats of *Frescati*, a  
higher place of vicious resort, if any  
place where vice so entirely resorts can  
be called *high* in any of its degrees :  
but we pass its detailed groupings, to  
quote the concluding reflections, and  
coup d'œil.

The camp may have its fame, the court its glare,  
The theatre its wit, the board its mirth :  
But there's a calm, a quiet haven, where  
*Bliss* flies for shelter—the domestic hearth !  
If this be comfortless, if this be drear,  
It need not hope to find a haunt on earth :  
Elsewhere we may be reckless, gay, caressed—  
But here, and only here, we can be *blest* !

O, senseless, soulless, worse than both, were he  
Who, slighting all the heart should hoard with pride,  
Could waste his nights in losel revelry,  
And leave his bosom's partner to abide  
The anguish women feel who love, and see  
Themselves deserted, and their hopes destroyed ;  
Some doating one, perhaps, who hides her tears ;  
And struggles at a smile when he appears !

Enough ! *Frescati* is my subject now ;  
And many pass their nights beneath its dome  
Who leave none *such* to sorrow o'er the vow  
That binds them to a libertine ; but roam  
Because (and 'tis some cause we must allow)  
Altho' they have a *house* they've not a *home* ;  
Exchanging frown and yawns—connubial blisses !  
For music, feasting, dancing, smiles, and kisses.

So, what with gaming, taking ice, and billing,  
Discussions on the *charter* or a feather,  
Lounging on sofas, waltzing and quadrilling,  
With casual observations on the weather—  
"The winter here I think is vastly chilling"—  
Poles, Turks, and Persians—all the world together,—  
They keep it gaily up, the pillow scorning,  
At least till six or seven in the morning.



The *Saloon* is however the most elevated sphere of fashionable dissipation. 'Tis midnight, says our author—

—just the hour to introduce you  
Into the loftier sphere of the Salon :  
You may see thousands lost, and, as you chuse, you  
Can play at *Rouge et Noir* or *shake the bone* :  
But don't suppose, you inexperienced goose you !  
That any one can stumble in alone ;—  
You must be here presented quite in state, sir—  
Heaven bless your soul—a marquis is head waiter !

These rooms with counts and *exquisites* o'erflow,  
Whose lofty glances really go thro' you :  
And 'tis more reputable much to go  
"The road to ruin" with a lord or two, you  
Of course feel sensible—Peers ! Marshalls ! so  
They make it quite a compliment to do you ;  
And give, beside, to prove they can't be winners,  
Flash suppers every night, and weekly dinners.

The remarks on female beauty at the gaming table are very forcible.

Oh ! how it pains to witness beauty's bloom  
Distort and flushed by unsuccessful play ;  
To hear the dice-box in the drawing-room,  
Or some vile dealer whine '*le jeu est fait* ;'  
A scene, that wit and women should illumine,  
The nest of black-legs and depravity ;  
Opinion, rank, respect, no longer prized ;  
And every loftier impulse sacrificed.

Forfend I were so vicious, or so vain,  
Though but a sorry sort of scribe, as to  
Court popularity by giving pain ;  
Or drag forth private vice to public view  
From motives other than I dare maintain :  
No, none can more despise the slaves who do !  
But as the farrier treats a foundered horse,  
I deal with this disease without remorse.

Accursed Game ! thy blight is every where,  
Thy lawless fingers pilfer every purse ;  
The swart mechanic and the pompous peer  
Endure alike the pressure of thy curse ;  
When hopeless ruin hath dissolved thy snare,  
The pistol and the bowl are things of course ;  
And few can from thy griping fangs depart  
Without a blighted name, or broken heart.

Accursed Game ! thou wringest the bitter drop  
From gentle eyes that never saw thee played ;  
And oft the stinted meal, the empty cup,  
Mock hungry hearts thy ravin waste hath made :  
O, how can he who wrought such wrong look up  
Where want must weep, yet means not to upbraid ?  
The heart, methinks, might bid farewell to bliss—  
Beg, labour, starve—bear any thing but this !

Accursed Game ! thou'st waked the widow's shriek,  
Bereft the helpless orphan of its shield,  
Made tears of anguish wet the furrowed cheek,  
And victims rash to judgment unannealed :  
By fascination, like the rattle-snake,  
Thou leav'st thy prey no power but to yield :

Fear, falsehood, want, disgrace, despair, and death,  
Attest thy sway—

From the shorter effusions with which the publication is enriched, we take the following without comment, trusting that they will appear to our readers, as to us, to be very sweet and poetical.

#### *Withered Violets.*

Long years have passed, pale flowers ! since you  
Were culled and given, in brightest bloom,  
By one whose eye eclipsed your blue—  
Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years ! but, tho' your bloom be gone,  
The fragrance which your freshness shed  
Survives, as memory lingers on  
When all that blessed its birth has fled,

Thus hues and hopes will pass away—  
Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss depart :  
Oh, what is left when these decay ?  
The faded leaf—the withered heart !

#### *The Star.*

How brilliant on the Ethiop brow of night  
Burns yon fixed star, whose intermitting rays,  
Like woman's changeful eye now shun our gaze,  
And now break forth in all the life of light !  
Far fount of beams ! thou scarce art to the sight,  
In size, a spangle on the Tyrian stole  
Of Majesty, mid hosts more mildly bright,  
Although of worlds the centre and the soul !  
Sure, 'twas a thing for angels to have seen,  
When God did hang those lustres through the sky ;  
And darkness, turning pallid, sought to screen  
With dusky wing her dazed and haggard eye ;  
But 'twas in vain ; for, pierced with light, she died :  
And now her timid ghost dares only brood  
O'er planets in their midnight solitude,  
Doomed all the day in ocean's caves to hide.  
Thou burning axle of a mighty wheel !  
Dost thou afflict the beings of thy ray  
With feelings such as we on earth must feel—  
Pride, passion, envy, hatred, agony ?  
Doth any weep o'er blighted hope ? or curse  
That hour thy light first ushered them to life ?  
Or malice, keener than the assassin's knife,  
Stab in the dark ? or hollow friendship, worse,  
Skilled round the heart with viper coil to wind,  
Forsake, and leave his sleepless sting behind !  
No ! if I deemed it, I should cease to look  
Beyond the scene where thousands know such ills ;  
Nor longer read that brightly-lettered book  
Which heaven unfolds, whose page of beauty fills  
The breast with hope of an immortal lot,  
When tears are dried, and injuries forgot.  
Oh, then the soul, no longer earthward weighed  
Shall soar towards heaven on exulting wing.  
Among the joys past Fancy's picturing,  
It may be one to scan, through space displayed,  
Those wondrous works our blindness now debars—  
The awful secrets written in the stars.



## CORNUCOPIA

## OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

## EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Professor J. D. Herholdt of Copenhagen, Knight, delivered in the Royal Medical Society at Copenhagen on the 8th of March last, an interesting latin dissertation ; it relates undoubtedly to one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of medicine. A woman, after having been subject for several years to violent pains and spasms, was freed by the ability of this physician, from 273 needles, which were cut out in different parts. It is a question of great interest how this extraordinary number of needles should have come into her body, and how far the pains which she suffered have been caused thereby. The woman is now doing very well.

## SIR HUGH MIDDLETON.

Of biographical sketches, that of Sir Hugh Middleton is very dear to science. That London banker, who made the first great individual speculation in the copper mines of Cornwall, and in 1606 began, at his own risk, the stupendous design to which thousands of our readers are at this day indebted for their daily comfort—we allude to the supply of London with the first necessary of life, by means of the New River—has left a memorial as lasting as adamant, though written in water. This extraordinary plan united the spring rising at Amwell, in Herts, and Chadwell, near Ware in Middlesex, and led the joint stream to the metropolis, through, under, or over, every obstacle. Eight hundred bridges were built over it (now much diminished in number); and on Michaelmas-day, 1613, six years after the works were begun, the enterprising projector, vexed and harrassed as he had been, had the happiness to see the first drop of that supply, which he had brought thirty-nine miles, fall into the cistern at Islington, called the "New River Head." Till then London was supplied with water from sixteen public conduits, with partial aids from the Thames, raised by imperfect and awk-

ward machinery. In 1622, Middleton was created a baronet by king James, having surmounted all the prejudices and private interests arrayed against him. The work however ruined him. He divided it into thirty-six shares, reserving thirteen to himself; but in 1633, when the first dividend was made, it amounted to not quite 12*l.* on each share. The shares have lately sold at 15,000*l.* each!!!

## DRINKING BUMPERS.

Excessive drinking is a less vice of modern than of ancient times. The feats of this sort which are recorded even of the polite nations of Greece and Rome, far surpass any thing which the men of later times have been able to exhibit. Alexander the Great, who fell a victim to this brutal indulgence, brought a number of toppers together after the burning of Calanus, and proposed to them a match at drinking for a prize of one talent. The fellow who carried off the prize was one Promachus, who is said to have drank off four congies, or about *thirty English bottles of wine*! He had his money, says Plutarch, and his death into the bargain, for he died the third day after, together with forty-one persons who, in this disgraceful competition, drank themselves into eternity! In the history of Alexander's triumphs, this is one which truth and morality require should not be forgotten. Prodigious as was the achievement of Promachus, it is nothing to what is told of the Emperor Maximinius, who is said to have drank not only once, but often in the course of a day, an amphora of the capitol, which contained eight congies, or above eighty pints!—Nay, the son of M. Tullius Cicero, is said to have been able to take off at one draught, two congies, or about two gallons! After this, the reader will not be surprised to learn, that it was the regular practice with the Romans, in their convivial parties, to drink down the evening, and drink up the morning star; and that it was another of their common practices in drinking to their



mistresses, not to content themselves, as in this lag end of time, with single bumpers, but to drink as many cups as there were letters in the names of the fair damsels. Hence Martial,

*Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,  
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.*

Six cups to Nævia's health, sev'n to Justina be ;  
To Lycas five, to Lyde four, and then to Ida three.

The Germans have out-done all the nations of modern times in their efforts to rival the Bacchanalian extravagance of the ancient masters of the world ; yet even they must be reckoned mere sippers in comparison. Till a very late period, enormous goblets, that would put that of the Baron of Bradwardine to open shame, were among the chief ornaments of the rooms and tables of the German nobility ; at their feasts the bottle used to be pushed round continually ; and each guest had to empty his goblet on pain of being contemned as a false friend and brother.

#### LITERARY CONTRASTS.

The ultimate sale of the copy-right of *Paradise Lost*, produced to Milton's widow eight pounds ; and Dryden received from Tonson two pounds, thirteen shillings, and ninepence, for every hundred lines of his poetry.

In October 1812, the copy-right of Cowper's *Poems* was put to sale among the members of the trade, in thirty-two shares. Twenty of these shares were sold at £212 a share, including printed copies in quires to the amount of £82, which each purchaser was to take at a stipulated price, and twelve shares were retained in the hands of the proprietor. This work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to nett £834 per annum. It had only two years of copy-right, and yet this same copy-right, with the printed copies, produced, estimating the twelve shares which were retained at the same price as those which were sold, the sum of £6764.

Expense of the last edition of Shakespeare's Works, in 21 volumes : The edition consisted of 1250 copies, making 21 volumes in octavo, and each copy was published in boards for eleven guineas :

Paper, 1614 reams 7½ quires,	£3345	3	0	
Printing 136 sheets, at	} 1719	14	0	
£2. 10. . . £340.				
Printing 511½ sheets, at	} 1719	14	0	
£2. 14. . £1329. 14.				
Mr. Reed, £300.	} Editors,	400	0	0
Mr. Harris, 100.				
Engraving a head,		15	0	0
Rep. plates, paper, and printing.		27	17	11
Assignment, and altering Index,		17	8	0
Incident,		6	11	6
Four sets of the late edition,	} 89	10	0	0
and sets of the present, for				
Editors,				
Advertisements, &c. &c.		62	0	1
		£5683	4	6

#### FANATICISM.

A party of religious fanatics assembled a few Sundays since, at Barningham, York, for the express purpose of dislodging the devil, which one of their renegado brethren had declared had possessed him, or he should not have left their society. The elders of this society compelled their victim to kneel upon the floor, while the chief priest struck him on the head with his clenched fist, exclaiming, "This is God's hammer !---Devil, come out !" This he repeated three times ; the rest then assailed him on all sides, with horrid yells and frightful gestures, kicking and cuffing him, but the Devil would not move, for the repentant said he still felt him tugging at his right side. On this the sharp elbow of a female made a dreadful plunge at his small ribs, and another general attack ensued. Being, at length, tired of this discipline, he declared the Devil had left him. A fanatic was then appointed to watch him for three days and nights, that his Satanic worship might not enter again. After some debate, it was agreed that the Devil should be buried in a stone quarry ; a woman gravely declared that she had him by the tail as they were going to the funeral, but he slipped from her grasp.

#### JOHANNA SOUTHCOTE'S DISCIPLES.

The followers of Johanna Southcote are still numerous ; and we are assured by a correspondent, that in the neighbourhood of Totness, Devon, there are some hundreds of silly people who believe that Johanna and her Son are making the tour of Egypt. They have separated from other religious communities. A poor woman was nearly strangled a few weeks ago by a self-elected Prophetess of this sect, who pretended that she had been moved by the spirit to kill the woman, because the latter had no faith in her inspiration.

#### THE DEAF MADE TO HEAR.

Some years since, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, he was agreeably and unexpectedly surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense, which, as Bonnet says, connects us with the moral world ; for he soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, while another person placed the other end on



his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

*The dip of the Needle, and Intensity of the Magnetic force.*---The following observations on this subject have been collected and calculated :

	Dip.	Intensity of Mag. Force.
Peru . . .	0 0 . . .	1,0000
Mexico . .	42,10 . . .	1,3155
Paris . . .	68,38 . . .	1,3482
London . .	70,33 . . .	1,4142
Christiana .	72,30 . . .	1,4959
Arendahl .	72,45 . . .	1,4756
Brussa . .	74,21 . . .	1,4941
Hare's Island	82,49 . . .	1,6939
Davis' Straits	83,8 . . .	1,6900
Baffin's Bay	84,25 . . .	1,6685
" " . . .	84,39 . . .	1,7349
" " . . .	84,44 . . .	1,6943
" " . . .	85,54½ . . .	1,7383
" " . . .	86,9 . . .	1,7606

#### MISS FELL.

March 20, 1821. Miss Fell, a beautiful young lady, while walking on the shore lately, near Douglas, slipped down a shelving rock, from which she could be neither seen nor heard; and from which there was no escape by the land, the little rock being nearly surrounded by the sea. She contrived to procure a small quantity of water that oozed from the rock; with this she sustained herself during 3 days and 3 nights, and frequently saw boats passing in the distance, but could not make herself heard. A boat at length passed near enough to observe her signal with a handkerchief. During this time she had been sought for by some hundreds of people, in unremitting anxiety. She was at length rescued in time to save her life; and a deep sleep almost immediately overcame her in the boat into which she was taken, the sailors covering her with their clothes. She was conveyed privately home in a chaise, by her father, to a doting mother. Her brother was ill at the same time in the house with a brain fever, with little hopes of recovery. The joy of her mother was excessive at the recovery of her daughter; but her mind, being previously weakened by conflicting anxieties, it produced insanity! and she committed suicide in a fit of uncontrollable agitation.

#### BRUISED OATS.

An individual, who has tried feeding his horse on whole and on *bruised oats*, states, that a horse fed on bruised oats will look and work as well as one fed on double the same quantity of oats not bruised.

#### BONE MANURE.

In the high farming system of Yorkshire, where bones to the amount of 15*l.* an acre have been put on the land, to force a growth of about 35 bushels of wheat per acre, the property of the tenant in the land has been in some places nearly equal to the fee-simple value of the staple soil. At Holkham, it is said that at an expence of 10*l.* an acre in manure and working, 40 bushels are commonly obtained.

Mr. J. Fitzadam, formerly an able seaman, and author of the *Harp of the Desert*, will soon publish *Lays on Land*, octavo.

#### Chrystallo-Ceramic Manufacture, or Glass

*Incrustations.*--- This may be deemed a very important discovery for the arts of design and embellishment. The effect is novel and singularly elegant; for the ornament, whether painted in metallic colours, or left plain, instead of being placed externally, either *en creux*, or in relief, or being painted upon the surface of the glass, it is actually incrustated with that substance, and is thus more effectually secured from injury. Hitherto, the modes employed for forming patterns and devices on glass, are all more or less defective: the effect is either meagre or confused; not unfrequently both; vases, cups, &c. of this material have been more admirable for their pellucidity and brilliancy, than for purity of form or elegance of design; but this invention will create a new æra in the manufacture of this useful article. Classical figures and devices will now be employed, and elegance of form as much studied as in vases modelled after the antique. The effect is considerably heightened by the jar or vase being filled with some brilliant liquid, similar to those displayed by chemists, for the figures and ornaments being opaque, they have then very much the appearance of being raised on a coloured ground, yet with a certain undefineable peculiarity of look that sufficiently distinguishes them so as to form another species of ornament.

*English Language.*---Some years ago a gentleman after carefully examining the folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, formed the following table of English words derived from other languages:---

Latin . . .	6732	Irish . . .	6
French . . .	4812	Runic . . .	4
Saxon . . .	1665	Flemish . . .	4
Greek . . .	1148	Erse . . .	4
Dutch . . .	691	Syriac . . .	3
Italian . . .	211	Scottish . . .	3
German . . .	106	Irish and Erse . .	2
Welsh . . .	95	Turkish . . .	2
Danish . . .	75	Irish and Scottish	1
Spanish . . .	56	Portuguese . . .	1
Islandic . . .	50	Persian . . .	1
Swedish . . .	34	Frisic . . .	1
Gothic . . .	31	Persic . . .	1
Hebrew . . .	16	Uncertain . . .	1
Teutonic . . .	15		
Arabic . . .	13	Total . . .	15,784

Died at Bearbrige Farm, near Winchester, Mr. Knight, a very eccentric character. He had not attended church or meeting for many years, from having had his house robbed once, during absence at the service. His corn was got in on sledges made of boards nailed together. He never baked loaves, but his ground corn he had made into cakes. His chair was a sack of corn, serving him for a seat and pillow. His house appeared as if never cleaned.

It is reported that Bloomfield, the author of the *Farmer's Boy*, is about to publish a new work.

A posthumous work of the late J. Scott, Esq. entitled *Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. in the French Provinces*, accompanied with an Essay on the Literature and Writers of France, is on the eve of publication.

A Series of Portraits, illustrative of the Novels and Tales of the Author of *Waverley*, are preparing for immediate publication.